THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1803.

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This Number is embelliſhed with the following Copper-plates:

1 THE MISTAKES OF JEALOUSY.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—MAGPYE—JACKDAW.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
5 MUSIC—A NEW SONG, ſet to Muſic by Mr. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. *and* J. ROBINSON, *No.* 25, *Paternoſter-Row;*

Where Favours from Correſpondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The piece of poetry sent with the *Castle on the Wold* our Correspondent will perceive is inserted this month.

The Essay signed *Clementina* is not forgotten.

Several other corrections and alterations, besides *Thetis* for *Persina*, are necessary in the poem transmitted by miss Y——.

We should be obliged to Leonce for the communications he offers.

Lines written after dancing with a Young Lady—Ode on the Vernal Equinox—An Evening's Walk with three Young Ladies—Epistle to a Miser—Rebus by W. R.—Acrostic by Florio—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Mistakes of Jealousy.

THE
LADY's MAGAZINE,
For JUNE, 1803.

THE MISTAKES OF JEALOUSY:
A TALE.
(With an elegant Engraving.)

There is no paffion which will fooner betray the perfon over whom it exercifes its power into ridiculous fituations than jealoufy. Blind and unreflecting in its nature, it hurries thofe who yield to its wild impulfe, without calling in the aid of reafon to reftrain it, into fuch abfurd extravagancies as render them objects of pity to their friends and of contempt to ftrangers.

Mr. Wilmore was a gentleman poffeffed of many excellent, and even amiable, qualities; but they were all obfcured, and rendered of little utility to himfelf or others, by an unhappy difpofition to fufpect every one with whom he had any intercourfe, of fome fecret defigns unfriendly to his interefts. By brooding over his own gloomy diftruft, he wrought himfelf into a full conviction that the chimeras prefented by his imagination were realities; and by his abfurd behaviour, in confequence, procured himfelf the contempt, and, in many inftances, the enmity and oppofition, of thofe who would otherwife have been his friends, and have rendered him effential fervices.

As a very confiderable eftate of which he was the owner, was, if he died without heirs, to pafs into another family, which, as ufual, he fufpected of having acted with no great friendfhip towards him; and has he had now attained, or rather paffed, the meridian of life, he began to look around for fome young lady by forming a union with whom he might difappoint their expectations. His attention was foon drawn to mifs Lætitia Marfden, the daughter of a gentleman of fmall fortune, whofe beauty and accomplifhments induced him to make her an offer of his hand, with a very ample fettlement. Mifs Marfden, though not abfolutely enamoured with his perfon and manners, fuffered herfelf to be perfuaded to make no objection by her father and brother, who were extremely eager for a match which they confidered as likely to prove highly profitable and advantageous to herfelf and her family.

For a fhort time Mr. Wilmore conducted himfelf in a manner which was liable to no objection in his intercourfe with mifs Marfden

and her family; but it was not long before his natural unhappy diſpoſition began to diſplay itſelf. By repeated interviews and converſation with his intended bride, her charms and vivacity inſpired him with a real and ardent paſſion; but this only gave a new and more violent impuſe to his natural jealouſy, which diſplayed itſelf on a variety of occaſions. Lætitia frequently expreſſed to her brother her fears that ſuch a temper muſt render her very unhappy after marriage, but was anſwered that jealouſy was the ſign and the proof of love.

'That there is a jealouſy,' anſwered ſhe, 'which is the genuine offſpring of love, I cannot but admit; but there is alſo another, of far baſer origin, which centers entirely in ſelf. This wretched paſſion rages in the breaſts of thoſe who are ſo far from loving that they even hate the perſon of whom they are ſaid to be jealous. Candidly to confeſs the truth, I much doubt whether the jealouſy which Mr. Wilmore ſo frequently diſplays be not rather of the latter kind, originating more in a mean ſuſpicious temper, conſcious of feebleneſs of mind and want of deſert, than in any very violent affection which he entertains for me.'

Mr. Marſden could only reply by an awkward and ill-timed raillery of the fine-ſpun ſentiments which his ſiſter had imbibed, and which he ſaid were not at all ſuited to the ſober practice of common life, in which, for the ſake of great and ſolid advantages, little imperfections ought to be overlooked, and not to be too minutely enquired into with reſpect to their nature or origin.

Lætitia cultivated a particular intimacy and friendſhip with a young lady named Laura, who was eſpecially diſtinguiſhed by her acuteneſs and vivacity. She communicated to her, confidentially, her fears of the effects of the ſuſpicious and jealous diſpoſition of Mr. Wilmore, and the little expectation ſhe had of happineſs in a union with him; to which it ſeemed, nevertheleſs, that ſhe would be obliged to conſent, unleſs ſhe was reſolved to give the greateſt offence to her father and her brother, who would never forgive her if ſhe refuſed. Her friend, in anſwer, lamented that parents ſhould ſo frequently ſacrifice the happineſs of their children to views of intereſt; and reſolved, though without communicating her intention to Lætitia, to give ſuch a direction to the ſuſpicions which the miſtruſtful temper of Mr. Wilmore was continually engendering, as might exhibit him in ſuch a light to Mr. Marſden and his ſon that Lætitia might be ultimately freed from his addreſſes, to which ſhe every day conceived a greater diſlike.

Mr. Wilmore, among his other ſuſpicions, tormented himſelf with fears of a rival. Laura artfully encouraged his jealouſy, without, however, diſgracing herſelf by any abſolute falſehood. Mr. Wilmore lurked on the watch, near the houſe, in the duſk of the evening; and at length, ſeeing ſome perſon come out, ruſhed haſtily upon him, and making no doubt but that he was the more favoured lover, to whom his imagination attributed the cauſe of the increaſing coldneſs which he obſerved in the behaviour of Lætitia, he addreſſed him in very rude language. But what was his ſurpriſe when he diſcovered this ſuppoſed rival was no other than Mr. Marſden, the father of Lætitia; who was not a little aſtoniſhed at the ſtrange ſalutation he had received from his intended ſon-in-law. The apologies and excuſes of Mr. Wilmore, however, ſoon induced Mr. Marſden to think no more of the adventure; for he was more intent on pro-

curing Mr. Wilmore's great eſtate for his daughter than anxious that his character and diſpoſition might appear to be ſuch as ſhould enſure her happineſs.

Yet ſtill Mr. Wilmore could not baniſh from his ſuſpicious mind his jealous fears of ſome unknown rival. He took an opportunity to confer on the ſubject with Laura, who archly told him, that though ſhe knew of no ſuch perſon, yet ſhe poſſibly might not be admitted into all miſs Lætitia's ſecrets. She added that ſhe had juſt ſeen a gentleman go into Mr. Marſden's; but that he ſo much reſembled Lætitia's brother, that ſhe had ſuppoſed he muſt be him.

This was ſufficient for Mr. Wilmore. His diſtempered imagination immediately repreſented to him that he had now ſufficiently aſcertained the fact that attempts were making to impoſe on him; and he immediately ſet out, with great heat, to demand an explanation of all the parties concerned.

As he approached the houſe, in the duſk of the evening, by an avenue of trees leading to it, he perceived a gentleman coming from it, who, though he could not ſee him very diſtinctly, he could diſcern greatly reſembled, both in dreſs and appearance, the brother of Lætitia. He retired back to ſome diſtance, to let him advance further from the manſion; and then, ſuddenly ruſhing on him with his ſword drawn, with which he had provided himſelf for the occaſion, exclaimed, with a furious voice—

'I muſt immediately know, ſir, why your viſits are made there?—No delay!—I have detected the impoſture.'

What was the ſurpriſe of Lætitia's brother, for he was the perſon thus ſeized, at being accoſted in ſo ſtrange a manner! It was not without ſome difficulty, and even danger of ſerious injury, that he could bring the infatuated man to recognize him. But the confuſion of Mr. Wilmore, when he was convinced of his abſurd miſtake, is not to be deſcribed.—He had recourſe to his former excuſes and apologies; but ſuch repeated extravagance could not be diſregarded; and both the brother and the father of Lætitia reſolved that, from that time, all connection between him and the family ſhould ceaſe, in which Lætitia herſelf not leſs willingly concurred.

This incident, however, in its conſequences, operated, in a great degree, to the advantage of both parties. Mr. Wilmore was ſo aſhamed of his fooliſh and precipitate conduct, that he ever afterwards repreſſed and greatly corrected his natural diſpoſition to ſuſpicion and jealouſy; and miſs Marſden was preſerved from a matrimonial union in which ſhe had very little proſpect of happineſs.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 266.)

LETTER V.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

Though I place the falcons after the vultures, on account of their inferiority in ſize and ſtrength, they certainly merit to be ranked before them, with reſpect to their more noble qualities. Linnæus has therefore, with reaſon, claſſed them in the ſame genus with the eagles.—The falcon, though diminutive in ſize, is not inferior to the eagle either in courage or generoſity; and, from

its being domeſticated by man and rendered ſubſervient to his pleaſures, becomes a much more intereſting object of curioſity.

Falconry, though now in a great meaſure diſuſed, was the principal amuſement of our anceſtors. A perſon of rank ſcarcely ſtirred out without his hawk on his hand, which in old paintings is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterwards king of England, when he went on a moſt important embaſſy into Normandy, is repreſented, in an old bas-relief, embarking with a bird on his fiſt and a dog under his arm. 'In thoſe days it was thought ſufficient for noblemen's ſons to wind the horn and to carry their hawk fair, and leave ſtudy and learning to the children of meaner people.' This diverſion, in fine, was in ſuch high eſteem among perſons of diſtinction throughout Europe, that Frederic, one of the emperors of Germany, did not think it beneath his dignity to write an elaborate treatiſe on falconry.

The expence which attended this ſport was very great. Among the old Welch princes, the king's falconer was the fourth officer in the ſtate; but, notwithſtanding all his honours, he was forbidden to take more than three draughts of beer from his horn, leſt he ſhould become intoxicated and neglect his duty. In the reign of James the Firſt, ſir Thomas Monſon is ſaid to have given a thouſand pounds for a caſt of hawks; a prodigious ſum, if we conſider the value of money in that age. At a period when the people had no rights, and exiſted only by the permiſſion, and for the ſervice, of their ſuperiors, we cannot wonder at the rigour of the laws enacted to guard an amuſement purchaſed at ſo extravagant a rate. In the reign of Edward the Third, it was made felony to ſteal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in a perſon's own ground, was puniſhable with impriſonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleaſure. In the reign of queen Elizabeth the impriſonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find ſecurity for his good behaviour for ſeven years, or to lie in priſon till he did procure it. 'Such,' ſays Mr. Pennant, 'was the enviable ſtate of the times in England. During the whole day our gentry were employed with the fowls of the air or the beaſts of the field. In the evening they celebrated their exploits with the moſt abandoned and brutiſh ſottiſhneſs. At the ſame time the inferior ranks of people, by the moſt unjuſt and arbitrary laws, were liable to capital puniſhment, to fines, and the loſs of liberty, for deſtroying the moſt noxious of the feathered race.'

The manner of training a falcon to the purſuit of game is as follows:—The maſter begins by putting ſtraps upon his legs, which are called jeſſes, to which there is faſtened a ring with the owner's name, by which, in caſe he ſhould be loſt, the finder may know where to bring him back. To theſe alſo are added little bells, which ſerve to mark the place where he is, if loſt in the chace. He is always carried on the fiſt, and not ſuffered to ſleep. If he be ſtubborn and attempts to bite his head, he is plunged into water. Thus by hunger, watching, and fatigue, he is conſtrained to ſubmit to have his head covered by a hood or cowl which covers his eyes. This troubleſome employment continues often for three days and nights without ceaſing. It rarely happens but at the end of this time his neceſſities and the privation of light make him loſe all idea of liberty, and bring down his natural wildneſs. His maſter judges of his being tamed when he permits his head to be covered without reſiſtance, and when uncovered he ſeizes

the meat before him contentedly. The repetition of these lessons by degrees ensures success. His wants being the chief principle of his dependence, it is endeavoured to increase his appetite by giving him little balls of flannel, which he greedily swallows. Having thus excited the appetite, care is taken to satisfy it; and thus gratitude attaches the bird to the man who but just before had been his tormentor.

When the first lessons have succeeded, and the bird shews signs of docility, he is carried out upon some green, the head is uncovered, and, by flattering him with food at different times, he is taught to jump on the fist, and to continue there.—When confirmed in this habit, it is then thought time to make him acquainted with the lure. This lure is only a thing stuffed like the bird the falcon is designed to pursue, such as a heron, a pigeon, or a quail; and on this lure they always take care to give him his food. It is necessary that the bird should not only be acquainted with this, but fond of it, and delicate in his food when shewn it. When the falcon has flown upon this, and tasted the first morsel, some falconers take it away: but by this there is danger of daunting the bird; and the surest method is, when he flies to seize it to let him feed at large, and this serves as a recompence for his docility. The use of this lure is to flatter him back when he has flown in the air, which it seldom fails to do; and it is always requisite to assist it by the voice and the signs of the master. When these lessons have been long repeated, it is then necessary to study the character; to speak frequently to him, if he be inattentive to the voice; to stint him in his food, if he do not come kindly or readily to the lure; to keep waking him, if he be not sufficiently familiar; and to cover him frequently with the hood, if he fear darkness. When the familiarity and docility of the bird are sufficiently confirmed on the green, he is then carried into the open field, but still held by a string, which is about twenty yards long. He is then uncovered as before; and the falconer, calling him at some paces distance, shews him the lure. When he flies upon it, he is permitted to take a large morsel of the food which is tied to it. The next day the lure is shewn him at a greater distance, till he comes at last to fly to it at the utmost length of his string. He is then to be shewn the game itself alive, but disabled or tame, which he is designed to pursue. After having seized this several times with his string, he is then left entirely at liberty, and carried into the field for the purpose of pursuing that which is wild. At that he flies with avidity; and when he has seized it or killed it, he is brought back by the voice and the lure.

By this method of instruction a falcon or hawk may be taught to fly at any game whatsoever; but falconers have chiefly confined their pursuit only to such animals as yield them profit by the capture or pleasure in the pursuit. The hare, the partridge, and the quail, repay the trouble of taking them; but sportsmen generally prefer the diversion afforded by the falcon's pursuit of the heron, the kite, or the woodlark. Instead of flying directly forward, as some other birds do, these, when they see themselves threatened by the approach of the hawk, immediately take to the skies. They fly almost perpendicularly upward, while their ardent pursuer keeps pace with their flight, and endeavours to rise above them. Thus both diminish by degrees from the gazing spectators below, till they are quite lost in the clouds; but they are soon seen descending, struggling together, and using every effort on

both ſides; the one of rapacious inſult, the other of deſperate defence. The unequal combat is ſoon at an end: the falcon comes off victorious; and the other, killed or diſabled, is made a prey either to the bird or the ſportſman.

As for other birds, they are not ſo much purſued, as they generally fly ſtraight forward, by which the ſportſman loſes ſight of the chace, and, what is ſtill worſe, runs a chance of loſing his falcon alſo. The purſuit of the lark, by a couple of merlins, is conſidered, to him who only regards the ſagacity of the chace, as one of the moſt pleaſing ſpectacles this exerciſe can afford. The amuſement is to ſee one of the merlins ſoaring to gain the aſcendant of the lark, while the other, lying low for the beſt advantage, waits the ſucceſs of its companion's efforts; thus while the one ſtoops to ſtrike its prey, the other ſeizes it at its coming down.

Of many of the ancient falcons uſed for the chace we at this time know only the names, as the exact ſpecies are ſo ill deſcribed that one may eaſily be miſtaken for another. Of thoſe in uſe at preſent, both here and in other countries, the principal are the gyr-falcon (or jer-falcon), the common falcon, the lanner, the ſacre, the hobby, the keſtril, and the merlin. Theſe are called the long-winged hawks, to diſtinguiſh them from the goſs-hawk, the ſparrow-hawk, the kite, and the buzzard, that are of ſhorter wing, and either too ſlow, too cowardly, too indolent, or too obſtinate, to be rendered ſerviceable in the field.

THE GYR-FALCON.

This bird is the largeſt of the falcon-tribe, and approaches to the magnitude of the eagle, being nearly of the ſize of the oſprey. His bill is yellow and very much hooked, the throat is white, and the whole plumage of the ſame colour, but marked with duſky lines, ſpots, or bars.

This bird is a native of the arctic regions, both of Europe and Aſia: it inhabits Ruſſia, Norway, Iceland, and Tartary; but is never found in the warm or even temperate countries. Buffon thinks it probable that there are three diſtinct and permanent breeds of the gyr-falcons, *viz.* the Iceland gyr-falcon, the Norwegian gyr-falcon, and the white gyr-falcon. Linnæus makes two ſpecies of the gyr-falcon—*Falco Gyr-falco*, perhaps the Norwegian gyr-falcon of Buffon. 'Its cere is cerulean; its feet yellowiſh; its body duſky, with cinereous ſtripes below; and the ſides of the tail white.' His ſecond ſpecies is the *Falco Candidus*; no doubt the white gyr-falcon of Buffon. 'The cere and feet are of a blueiſh caſt, verging to cinereous; its body is white, with duſky ſpots.' To this belongs a variety, which is the Iceland gyr-falcon; of which the feet are yellow, the body is duſky, with white ſpots on the back and wings, and below white ſpotted with black.

The gyr-falcon is, next to the eagle, the moſt formidable, the moſt active, and the moſt intrepid, of all the rapacious birds. It is alſo the moſt valuable, as it is the moſt eſteemed for falconry. It is brought from Iceland and Ruſſia into France, Italy, and even into Perſia and Turkey; nor does the heat of thoſe climates appear to diminiſh its ſpirit or its ſtrength. It boldly attacks the largeſt of the feathered race: the ſtork, the heron, and the crane, are eaſy victims; and it kills hares, by darting directly down upon them. The female, as in other birds of prey, is much larger and ſtronger than the male, which is called the *Tiercel Gyr-falcon*, and is uſed in falconry only to take the kite, the heron, and crows.

(To be continued.)

A MORNING'*s* WALK *in* JUNE.

'"Tis June, 'tis that ſweet ſeaſon's prime
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand;
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.'
WHITEHEAD.

PHŒBUS had driven his glittering chariot through the golden gates of morn, and was advancing on his journey, when I aroſe and walked to ſurvey the fields of corn, the rural landſcapes, and all the green and flowery ſcenery of creation.

'O, Nature! how, in every charm ſupreme,
Thy votaries feaſt on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of Seraphim,
To ſing thy glories with devotion due!'
BEATTIE.

I chid myſelf for waſting, in what Thomſon calls 'dead oblivion,' the delightful hour of morning; when every breeze was pregnant with fragrance, and every buſh replete with melody.

'Falſely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due, and ſacred ſong?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming Pleaſure waits without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning-walk?'
THOMSON.

Surely 'tis a rational as well as an innocent amuſement to quit the couch of indolence, and devote the morning hours to the inſtructive recreation of roving through ſuch beauteous eye-enchanting ſcenes.—To me how grateful is an early trip over dew-beſprinkled plains!—

'When the roſy-finger'd Morn
Opes her bright refulgent eye,
Hills and valleys to adorn;
While from her burning glance the ſcatter'd vapours fly.'

Ye candidates for untainted pleaſures! ye advocates for unpolluted joys! evacuate your couches, quit your cots, repair to the hills,—

'And taſte the ſweets of exerciſe and air.'

In the courſe of this engaging ramble, I ſat down upon a flowery bank,—

'clothed in the ſoft magnificence of Spring,'

and liſtened to the ſtrains of a muſical blackbird, who, perched on the top of a lofty elm, was chanting his matins.

'Sooty ſongſter,' I exclaimed, 'ſing on! Long mayeſt thou enjoy that ſeat, free from the attacks of the deſtructive kite, or more deſtructive ſchool-boy! Still continue to addreſs thy morning-hymn to nature's God, and reproach ungrateful man, if he remain ſilent!—Sweet minſtrel! oft when Sol, that ſplendid limner, paints with golden pencil the eaſtern ſky, may I leave my pillow, hearken to thy ſong, and imitate thy example!'

A woodbine hedge, hard by, perfumed the air with honeyed ſweets, which, mingled with the fragrance proceeding from a cloſe of beans in full bloſſom, yielded odours grateful to the ſenſe as thoſe that iſſue from the ſpicy groves of Arabia.

In an adjacent meadow, a groupe of young lambs, in ſportive mood, were playing their artleſs gambols. Pleaſing ſight! enough to ſoften the rugged temper of the Cynic, and to ſmooth the ruffled brow of care.

'Say, ye that know—ye who have felt and ſeen
Spring's morning ſmiles, and ſoul-enlivening green;
Say, did you give the thrilling tranſport way?
Did your eye brighten when young lambs, at play,
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry cluſters by your ſide?
'Ye who can ſmile (to wiſdom no diſgrace)
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face,
If ſpotleſs innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praiſe, or gives reflection birth,
In ſhades like theſe purſue your fav'rite joy,
Midſt nature's revels, ſports that never cloy.

'A few begin a ſhort, but vigorous, race,
And Indolence, abaſh'd, ſoon flies the place:
Thus challeng'd forth, ſee thither, one by one,
From every ſide aſſembling play-mates run;
A thouſand wily antics mark their ſtay;
A ſtarting crowd, impatient of delay:
Like the fond dove from fearful priſon freed,
Each ſeems to ſay, "Come, let us try our ſpeed."
Away they ſcour, impetuous, ardent, ſtrong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along,
Adown the ſlope—then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme;
There panting ſtop: yet ſcarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will ſet them off again.
Or if a gale with ſtrength unuſual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roſes into ſnow,
Their little limbs increaſing efforts try,
Like the torn flow'r the fair aſſemblage fly.
Ah, fallen roſe! ſad emblem of their doom!
Frail as thyſelf, they periſh while they bloom!' BLOOMFIELD.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 206.)

IN the mean time anxiety and eager expectation prevailed at the court of Sigar. The imagination of the monarch repreſented to him his ſons returning vanquiſhed, wounded, and bleeding. Syvald was thoughtful. As the waves impel the rolling veſſel, ſo fluctuated his mind between his brother and his friend. The whole ſoul of Svanhild was filled with thoughts of Alger. She laid herſelf down to reſt, but every moment ſtarted up again, for the claſhing of ſwords ſounded in her ears.

'Alger is brave!' ſaid ſhe to herſelf: 'who can be compared to him? But the goddeſs of war is changeable. Hildur*, it may be, favours Habor; Signe is happy, and I unhappy. Can I then think of being unhappy, when Signe rejoices?—Can I weep while Signe ſmiles?'

Oppreſſed by ſuch anxious fears, ſhe paſſed the night. As often as ſhe cloſed her eyes, images more cruel than death preſented themſelves, and baniſhed repoſe.

Bera ſaid to herſelf, with a forced contemptuous laugh, for a ſecret fear preyed on her heart—'The Norwegian acquits himſelf bravely, but he falls. Before Alger, before Alf, all muſt fall!'

Yet in her heart ſhe was contriving in what manner, ſhould the iſſue be contrary to her wiſhes, ſhe might ſtill delay, or, if poſſible, deſtroy, the happineſs of Habor.

'Every day,' ſaid ſhe, 'in which he embraces not Signe, adds to my happineſs. Signe ſuffers, but my revenge is gratified.'

But what, in the mean time, paſſed in the heart of Signe? It was filled with tenderneſs for her brothers, with love for Habor, and with confidence in the gods; who, ſhe hoped, would liſten to her prayers, and bring back the combatants reconciled, and united in friendſhip, with uninjured honour. Should Habor fall, her reſolution was more firmly fixed than ever.

The ſun now roſe, and his golden rays began to ſtream over the ſummits of the mountains. A ſentinel was brought to the king.

'Hail, ſovereign!' ſaid he; 'a flame appears in the ſouth, and ſeems to approach.'

'It proceeds,' ſaid Syvald, 'from the golden flags of the ſhips which are returning.'

'Bring me my ſtaff!' cried Sigar, and, in his haſte to riſe, fell down.

Joy, mixed with anxious fear, was diffuſed over the countenance of Svanhild. 'Is Alger with them?' exclaimed ſhe.

'Simple girl!' ſaid Bera, 'the ſhips are as yet ſcarcely viſible, and can you expect that the men on board them ſhould be ſeen?'

Svanhild held her hand before her face, to conceal her tears.

* The goddeſs of war, in the northern mythology.

All now haſtened to the banks of the river, to meet the returning ſhips. Svanhild was the firſt who arrived there; Signe came next, with a compoſed calmneſs in her countenance and manner; Sigar was laſt. A ſhip, decorated with golden ſtreamers, moved majeſtically forwards before the reſt; and on its deck ſtood two warriors of diſtinction. It approached nearer, when ſuddenly Signe exclaimed 'Habor!' and Svanhild 'Alger!' at the ſame inſtant. The queen immediately ſank down and fainted, and her attendants were obliged to carry her away. Svanhild fainted too, and was not reſtored to ſenſe till her lover Alger claſped her to his breaſt. 'My Svanhild!'—'My Alger!' was all their exceſſive joy permitted either to utter.

Signe approached Habor, and ſaid to him, 'Does Alf live?'

'He does,' replied Habor, and embraced her for the firſt time.

'He lives, but vanquiſhed,' ſaid Bolviſe, with anger and malice but too apparent in his countenance.

'He did every thing the brave man can do,' ſaid Habor; 'but Odin and Signe aided me.'

Signe hung on the neck of Alger, and again enquired after Alf.—'The propitious gods have heard my prayer!' exclaimed ſhe, when Alger had briefly told her what had happened. 'Habor is mine, yet the honour of Denmark and of my brothers is preſerved!'

The anxious crowds now returned homewards, but with much leſs haſte than they came. Signe and Habor went hand in hand, fondly gazing on each other. Their converſation was of honour and virtue, of the gods and love. By the ſide of Habor walked Syvald, who held his friend's hand and was ſilent, for he would not diſturb the intercourſe of the lovers. Alger followed with Svanhild, who hung on her lover, ſhedding tears of joy; they ſpoke only of their mutual affection.—Among the multitudes who ſucceeded were many ſimilar ſcenes. Young married women embraced their returning huſbands, diſſolved in ecſtatic tears; affianced maidens walked hand in hand with their lovers, while joy ſparkled in their eyes; aged parents ſeemed to have new life infuſed into them by their ſons, who ſupported them. But what words can deſcribe the grief of thoſe who had loſt their lovers, their ſons, their huſbands? Yet theſe conſoled themſelves with the reflection that they had died like heroes; that the ſkalds* ſhould ſing of their glory, and ſtones of victory be erected to their memory. All agreed that the Danes and Norwegians were the two moſt heroic nations in the world, and invincible as long as they ſhould remain united. Without chagrin or envy, the Danes extolled the bravery of the Norwegians, and the Norwegians that of the Danes. 'If Fortune,' ſaid the former, 'deſerted for once our princes, Habor alone could have deſerved her ſmiles.' All were unanimous that this was to be conſidered as the laſt conteſt between the two nations. 'Signe,' ſaid they, 'will diſpel the clouds of diſtruſt and animoſity, and unite us by an eternal bond: then may the whole world oppoſe us in vain!'

In the mean time, Bera conſulted with Bolviſe in what manner ſhe might defer, and if poſſible prevent, the marriage of Habor, and ſatiate her vengeance. Her mind was ſtrong, but malignant. She was reſolved to call cunning to her aid, ſince force had failed her. She went therefore to Habor and Signe, and thus addreſſed them:

'Before your victory, Habor, I will frankly confeſs it, I hated, but now I admire you. You have van-

* The bards of the northern nations.

quiſhed my ſons, and the firſt emotion I felt was grief and regret; but now I rejoice that I have found for Signe a huſband worthy of her.'

She threw herſelf on the neck of Habor, and ſhed feigned tears.—Habor embraced her, while the livelieſt joy ſwelled his heart, and tears ruſhed into his eyes. Signe was ſilent.

'The hero weeps,' ſaid Bera.

'True heroiſm is ever accompanied with the moſt refined ſenſibility,' ſaid Signe.

'But do you love Habor as well as before, now he has that ugly ſcar, the conſequence of his wound?' aſked the queen.

'Much more,' replied Signe: 'it was for my ſake that he received the wound.' And ſhe kiſſed the ſcar, while the hero claſped her to his breaſt. Pure, innocent, and genuine joy ſhot through their veins, and they trembled in each other's arms.

'They love: they mutually love!' ſaid Bera to herſelf. 'They enjoy the moſt enviable delight. Signe loves my enemy: ſhe deſerves ſevereſt puniſhment. Habor muſt not live, though Signe ſhould meet her death with him.' The heart of Bera recoiled at the latter thought; but again ſhe ſaid to herſelf—'Signe is a female; ſhe is young; ſhe loves life and pleaſure; ſhe will weep, and ſhe will forget.'

Her reverie was interrupted by Habor, who exclaimed—'Deareſt Signe, you think only of me; you forget to thank the beſt of mothers!'

Signe took the hand of the queen, kiſſed it with trembling, ſighed and wept. Bera claſped her to her breaſt, and tears ſtarted into her eyes. The wickedeſt of mortals ſometimes recoil from the crimes they meditate the commiſſion of, for the human heart was not framed for malignity.

'Excellent and amiable pair!' ſaid Bera, 'repair to-morrow to Freya's temple; and there, O daughter! take from thy head thy virgin crown, and declare before all the people that he who has vanquiſhed Denmark has vanquiſhed thee'——

'I have not vanquiſhed Denmark!' exclaimed Habor, haſtily: 'on the contrary, the Danes had gained the advantage over the Norwegians; but the fatal goddeſſes had ordained that Alger ſhould fall, and the Daniſh princeſs'—(he fondly threw his arms round Signe)—'inſpired me with redoubled ſtrength and courage.'

Indignation ſparkled in the eyes of Bera, but the hero noticed not her looks. He proceeded—'After having appeared in the temple to-morrow, I ſhould preſume that my happineſs may be crowned by the celebration of our nuptials on the ſame day.'

'Lovers,' anſwered Bera, 'are always in haſte; but you have a father, you have brothers, who ſhould be witneſſes of your happineſs.'

'I had almoſt forgotten that, deareſt mother!' ſaid Habor; 'but my love deprives me of recollection. My father is old—I cannot expect his preſence; but my brothers, eſpecially Hakon, the brave Hakon'——He had no ſooner pronounced theſe inconſiderate words, than he ſuddenly recollected himſelf and was ſilent.

The cheeks of Bera glowed, but it was not with the warmth of friendſhip. She turned her head towards the door.

'Let us go,' ſaid ſhe, 'to Sigar, and learn what are his commands in this reſpect.'

When they had arrived in the preſence of the king, Signe threw herſelf on her knees before her royal father, and kiſſed his hand. Habor embraced him, and ſaid—

'To-morrow, with your approbation, I and my bride will exchange our vows'——

'And celebrate your marriage,' interrupted Sigar.

Signe preſſed the hand of Habor to her lips.

'That,' ſaid Habor, 'was my wiſh; but the queen has reminded me of my father and my brothers, who ſhould partake with us in the joy and happineſs of the day, and whom love, by fixing all my thoughts on one dear object, had almoſt cauſed me to forget.'

'But what ſays Signe to ſuch a propoſal?' ſaid Sigar.

Bera was about to anſwer, but Signe prevented her.

'From the moment that Habor conquered,' ſaid ſhe, with alacrity and firmneſs, 'I became his, and I have no will but his.'

Her eyes met Habor's with tender glances, which mutually ſpoke the feelings of their hearts. Bera could not but admire their virtue, and turned pale.

It was now agreed that Habor ſhould return to bring his brother, and, if poſſible, his father; and that Bolviſe ſhould carry his invitation to Hakon as ſoon as it ſhould be known that he had arrived at Drontheim. In the evening Habor met Signe with Syvald.

'And can you,' ſaid the latter to Signe, 'conſent that Habor ſhould leave you, and return to his country?'

'Why not?' anſwered Signe.—'I will not deny the love I feel for him; I love him as myſelf, nor do I bluſh to confeſs that I wiſh to be united to him by an indiſſoluble bond. Falſehood and affectation could alone dictate ſuch a denial. Love is no ſhame, nor is it even a weakneſs. But I love his honour more than I love myſelf, and his honour enjoins him to love and prove his affection to his father and his brothers. Ought he, in an effeminate unmanly manner, to remain continually with me? Then were he not the brave hero, the Habor whom the world admires, the Habor who is my glory, whom my enemies envy me, and on whoſe affection all my friends congratulate me.'

Syvald embraced her. 'Thou art my ſiſter,' ſaid he: 'ſuch is ever the language of real love. May the gods make thee as happy as thou art virtuous!'

Habor, in the mean time, ſtood as it were entranced. He was ſilent; for exceſſive joy is ſpeechleſs. The words of Signe penetrated his heart: he heard, he ſaw, he was alive to, nothing but Signe. Suddenly he awoke from his delicious dream, when he heard the voice of Syvald. He took the hand of Signe, and preſſed it to his heart.

'May the gods grant,' ſaid he, with a voice at once animated and tender, 'may the gods grant that we may ever remain as virtuous as we are devoted to each other; and may the fates be propitious to our union!'

'The fate of virtue cannot but be happy!' anſwered Signe, and threw herſelf into the arms of her lover.

As it was night, they now ſeparated; and Syvald accompanied Signe to her apartments, which were at ſome diſtance from the royal reſidence of her father.

'Beloved ſiſter!' ſaid he, 'why ſhould your happineſs be deferred? Why did you give your conſent to this ſeparation? Oh, much do I fear what may be the iſſue!'

He was ſilent: Signe uttered not a word, but gazed on him with expreſſive eyes.

'I read in your heart,' continued he, 'great contending duties—thoſe of a daughter and a bride. A mother muſt not be ſuſpected. Habor, eſpecially, muſt not entertain ſuſpicions. Hope muſt rather ſtrive with fear, and every danger be encountered.'

Signe preſſed his hand, and ſighed.

Signe, Svanhild, and Gunvor, were now alone.

'Bera appears friendly,' ſaid Svanhild; 'but much do I fear her friendſhip!'

'She is my mother and my queen,' anſwered Signe.

'She is,' rejoined Svanhild; 'but ſhe has brought with her from her own country a hatred both to Danes and Norwegians.'

'Mere prejudice!' ſaid Signe. 'All countries produce mean and ignoble minds, and all, thoſe which are exalted and generous. My mother cannot be of the number of the former.'

'You hope, yet ſuffer not a little from anxious fear,' anſwered Svanhild.

Gunvor now ſpoke.—'Dear Svanhild!' ſaid ſhe, 'you would enfeeble the virtue of Signe, were it poſſible, by infuſing into her mind mean ſuſpicions, which you carry to an extreme. Bera has always been a good and tender mother. She has given her conſent to Signe's choice; and the laws enforce the fulfilment of the engagement. What then can Signe fear, ſo long as ſhe is obedient to the dictates of virtue and her duty?'

Thus Gunvor ſpoke; but ſecretly reſolved to examine carefully, and obſerve what advantage to herſelf might be derived from circumſtances.

'Virtue and duty,' anſwered Signe, 'ſhall always be my guides. Conſcious of my upright intentions, I can fear nothing. Living or dead, I will ever be Habor's.'

Signe and Svanhild retired to reſt together, according to their cuſtom. They converſed for a long time of their lovers; their perſonal accompliſhments, their deportment, their ſtrength, courage, deſcent, and honours: nothing was forgotten. Each extolled her own, yet no envy or diſſatisfaction took birth in their hearts. In her dreams, Signe ſeemed to herſelf to ſtand at the foot of the altar, holding the hand of her lover in her's. She withdrew her hand, and found it bloody. She ſtarted in her ſleep, ſighed heavily, claſped Svanhild in her arms, and exclaimed 'Habor!—Is Habor dead?'

'Deareſt Signe!' ſaid Svanhild, awaking, 'compoſe yourſelf: tomorrow is the happy day.'

'Yes,' anſwered Signe, 'Heaven ſhall protect me!' and again ſhe ſank into peaceful ſleep.

We will now turn from the couch of the virtuous to that of the vicious.

Gentle ſleep cloſed not the eyes of Gunvor: her thoughts were anxiouſly employed on the proſpect of future wealth.

'The queen,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'hates Habor, and this hatred muſt procure me riches. But then, Signe, the affectionate friend of my Svanhild, muſt be wretched. Be it ſo. Why will ſhe act contrary to her mother's wiſhes? Why will ſhe marry the conqueror of the Danes; the man who is polluted with the blood of her mother's brother?—But ſhe has made a vow which her mother has approved? Yes; but the event that has happened was ſuppoſed impoſſible. Who could have imagined that the Daniſh princes could have been vanquiſhed? How alluring is the ſplendour of gold!—it cannot be reſiſted.'

Haſtily ſhe roſe, a prey to reſtleſs anxiety, and directed her trembling ſteps to Bera's chamber. As ſhe approached it, ſhe heard a cry like the ſcream of the night-owl. It was the voice of Bera, who ſaid to Bolviſe, her confidential counſellor—

'Let death rather overtake Signe, Sigar, all my ſons, and even me my-

ſelf, than Habor continue to live; than my enemy enjoy happineſs in the arms of my daughter!'

Gunvor now entered. Even her cruel heart recoiled, and felt a momentary compunction, at the ſight of the queen, who ſat with her arms ſtretched out towards Bolviſe; her countenance pallid; her eyes red, not with tears but rage, and ready to ſtart from their ſockets. Revenge loured in the wrinkles of her forehead, miſchief in her cheeks, frantic rage in her livid lips. Every muſcle was contracted and diſtorted, as in one who knows he muſt die, yet dreads death becauſe he fears eternal vengeance. Gunvor entered and ſaid—'Fear nothing, queen; Gunvor will aid your revenge.'

Bera lifted up her eyes, which ſparkled with infernal joy; and, with a malignant ſmile, exclaimed—'Aid my revenge, and your reward is certain.'

Bolviſe appeared calmer; an inſidious and malicious ſmile ſeemed to indicate that baſe ſatisfaction which reſults, in vile minds, from the conſciouſneſs that their plans of villany are well concerted and matured.—Mean and treacherous in his nature, he took cunning for wiſdom, and found pleaſure in deceit. Virtue and the ſight of others' happineſs he deteſted. Frequently he entertained the idea of deceiving Bera, and diſcovering all to Habor; but he was reſtrained from this by recollecting that Habor was happy, and Bera miſerable.

Gunvor adviſed that Habor ſhould be immediately murdered; ſince, as he ſuſpected nothing, he might be eaſily ſurpriſed.

'Such a proceeding,' ſaid Bolviſe, 'is not ſafe: the fooliſh multitude admire him, and we may endanger ourſelves.'

'He would, beſides,' ſaid Bera, 'die a too eaſy death: let him enjoy the happineſs of to-morrow, that he may feel a keener pang when death and deſpair diſappoint his hope.'

Bolviſe ſtarted up and exclaimed—'I yield to you the palm, for this refinement in the cruelty of revenge.'

After long conſultation, it was reſolved that Habor ſhould be ſuffered to ſet out on his journey, and then be challenged and attacked by Alf, who ſhould be ſtimulated to the aſſault by being reminded how diſgraceful it was for ſuch a hero to be conquered. Gunvor objected that by this the queen expoſed the life of her ſon; but Bera replied, that would be more expoſed were Habor taken by ſurpriſe.—'Beſides,' added ſhe, 'ſuch conduct will appear more generous and juſtifiable.'

'True,' ſaid Bolviſe; 'we ſhould have the appearance of virtue, but not virtue itſelf, the chimera of feeble minds, who fear the gods they themſelves have made.'

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

[*From the* 'Souvenirs de Felicie' *of Madame de Genlis.*]

THE following ſingular anecdote of the celebrated phyſician Chirac I received from M. Schomberg.

Chirac was at the laſt extremity in the illneſs of which he died. After ſome days of delirium, his ſenſes half returned: on a ſudden he felt his pulſe.

'I have been called too late!' cried he:—'has the patient been blooded?'

'No!' was the reply.

'Then he is a dead man!' ſaid he. The prediction was verified.

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS; A TALE.

(Continued from p. 66.)

OPPRESSED by the gloomy and terrific images which rufhed upon her thoughts, and which produced the moft tormenting and uneafy fenfations, the affrighted and trembling Juliet lay for fome time fcarcely daring to move or breathe, when fuddenly the folemn ftillnefs that reigned around was difturbed by diftant and confufed exclamations as of fome one calling for help. It feemed to approach nearer, and Juliet thought it was the voice of Tancred. Startled at this, but doubtful from her belief that if he had returned to Reveldi fhe would have heard it, and willing, from the terror which the mere fuggeftion and the remembrance of his menaces infpired, to perfuade herfelf that it could not be he, fhe liftened with the moft anxious attention to catch again the found; but it had ceafed, and another, like the forcing of a door, fucceeded. Footfteps were now diftinctly heard within a clofet that opened into her chamber, and in a moment the door flew open, and Tancred rufhed into the room with all the fymptoms of violent confternation. His face was pale and haggard, he trembled in every joint, and his whole appearance was ftrongly expreffive of the utmoft terror and agitation. He ftaggered forward, and, falling on the neareft feat, lay for a fhort time motionlefs, and feemingly infenfible.

Surprifed to find him returned to Reveldi, at his manifeft diforder, and at his fudden and unexpected appearance in her chamber; and alarmed at what fhe inftantly conjectured were his intentions in ftealing to her chamber at fuch an hour, and by a way utterly unknown to her; Juliet gazed at him fearfully for fome moments: but perceiving that he ftill lay apparently overpowered with terror on the feat where he firft had fallen, fhe fprang from the bed, and was haftily putting on part of her drefs, when he feemed fomewhat to revive.

'Horrible fhade!' he exclaimed, in low and breathlefs accents, while his whole frame trembled exceffively, 'purfue me not. Hence! hence! Wherefore doft thou come? Soft, 'tis—Ha! and what art thou?' added he, ftarting up, and wildly gazing on Juliet, who juft then paffed him to unlock the door, with an intention of fummoning her attendants, who flept in an adjoining chamber. ''Tis thou, Juliet! Oh! leave me not,' he cried, as fhe unfaftened the door; 'but come to me! Let me feel that I have a human being near me! for I have been tortured with dreadful vifions! purfued by horrid phantoms!'

He paufed, and again funk back upon the feat, feemingly overcome by the emotions which the recollection produced. His features were diftorted: his eyes rolled wildly around, and his every limb fhook with terror.

Bafe, cruel, and treacherous, as his conduct had been to her, and much as fhe had fuffered by that conduct, Juliet yet could not behold the agony he endured unmoved; but the ftrong fenfe of terror and abhorrence which had been excited in her mind by the affliction he had brought upon her, by the indignities fhe had already fuffered, and by the perfecution and violence fhe expected to fuffer from him, checked the compaffionating fentiments fhe otherwife would have felt: yet the remembrance of the efteem fhe once entertained for him induced her to regard him with fome degree of commiferation. Her looks ac-

corded; and the gentle tone in which ſhe almoſt involuntarily enquired what was the matter, appeared greatly to affect him. He raiſed himſelf up, and ſeemed much more collected than before.

'Canſt thou,' he cried, 'ſpeak thus to thy crueleſt enemy? Canſt thou look thus compaſſionately on his ſufferings who ſo vilely cauſed thee to ſuffer? Oh, yes! I know thy gentle nature: know that thou canſt feel even for me, baſely as I have wronged thee; and to know it adds another pang to my tortured ſoul, already racked with agony and deſpair, already harrowed up by the horrors I have this night witneſſed; horrors which, perchance, may often haunt me. Madneſs is in that thought! Let me not think that ever I ſhall ſee again that dreadful phantom! hear again thoſe appalling ſounds, the mere recollection of which diſtracts me with horror inexpreſſible, and can only be exceeded by what I felt at the moment when the dreadful ſpectre ſtood before me; when its hollow voice murmured ſounds the moſt fearful that ever aſſailed human ear! The blood ſeemed to freeze in my veins, my limbs ſtiffened, and my ſenſes ſeemed to forſake me; but when they returned, how horrible was'—

He ſtopped, interrupted by a ſlight noiſe from the cloſet, which was almoſt immediately followed by a deep and awful groan. He ſtarted at the ſound, and exclaiming—'Again it comes, that horrid phantom!' wildly ruſhed acroſs the room towards the chamber-door. While he yet ſpoke, a tall and ghaſtly figure ſlowly glided from the cloſet. Juliet, whoſe terror and agitation now almoſt equalled Tancred's, gazed wildly at it as it advanced into the room, and inſtantly recogniſed the form and features of her father. She ſaw no more, but ſcreamed aloud at the ſight, and immediately dropped on the floor, deprived of ſenſe and motion.

Her attendants, rouſed from their ſleep by her ſcreams and the noiſe of her fall, haſtily aroſe, and, in a few minutes, haſtening to their lady's apartment, found the lord Tancred extended, apparently lifeleſs, on the floor; but Juliet was not to be found. Amazed and alarmed, they called up ſome others of the domeſtics, who conveyed their inanimate lord to his chamber; but it was ſome time ere he was recovered to a conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence. When his faculties reſumed their energy, how dreadful was the gloom that preſented itſelf to his mind!—The terror he had undergone made ſtrong impreſſions on it; the dreadful ſight he had ſeen continually occurred to his imagination. His conſcience roſe up in judgment againſt him, and tormented him with agony and remorſe inexpreſſible, which the myſterious diſappearance of Juliet, who had in vain been ſought after, not a little contributed to increaſe. All the pleaſing pictures which his fancy had drawn of happineſs in the gratification of his ambition, his avarice, and his deſires, vaniſhed; and of all the pernicious counſels he had heard, and which had excited him to deeds that he otherwiſe would have ſhuddered at, none now could ſoften his ſenſe of the guilt he had incurred by liſtening to them.

(To be continued.)

Critical Observations on the Novel of 'Tom Jones.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

(*Continued from p.* 245.)

LETTER VIII.

DEAR NIECE,

In the introductory chapter to the tenth book is diſplayed a fund of erudition, delivered in terms of true wit. The fifth ſection deſerves to be engraven in letters of gold. Let but the ſentiments expreſſed in theſe few lines be imprinted on the memory of the attentive young reader of this moral hiſtory, and I am confident the happieſt effects will reſult from the obſervance of the precept here inculcated. He would then be enabled, not only to ſhun thoſe foibles which had brought diſgrace on his favourite characters, but ſhould from hence be inclined to refrain from cenſure, even with reſpect to thoſe people whoſe actions in general might not quadrate with that evangelical rule of doing as we would be done by; ſince thoſe imperfect characters might have a bright ſpeck ſufficient to reſtrain our cenſure on their evil actions.

The facts recited in the tenth book appear all of them moſt eſſentially requiſite towards introducing the ſubſequent events, which follow each other in a regular climax of progreſſion; and the moſt trivial circumſtance in one way or another contributes to the main deſign.—The characters brought forward are ſuch as are to act a principal part in the future ſcenes; and ſo ingenious and acutely is the dialogue written, that every reader of taſte muſt reliſh it with peculiar ſatisfaction and delight.

The ſecond and third chapters relate the further tranſactions at the inn where Jones and his companion had taken up their abode. The arrival of Mr. Fitzpatrick, his burſting into the apartment of Mr. Jones, the converſation between the two Iriſhmen, and the behaviour of Mrs. Waters, are given in the moſt appropriate terms, and the whole abounds with ſtrokes of the moſt poignant wit and humour; and in the ſame claſs may be ranked the converſation between the landlady and Suſan the chamber-maid, at the beginning of the third chapter. The arrival of the lady and her maid, in this chapter, will appear hereafter a neceſſary occurrence in the thread of the ſtory: indeed the manner in which this occurrence is related, the contraſt which appears between the affability of the lady and the affected airs and pert loquacity of her attendant, cannot fail to afford a treat to the reader. The diſcovery which Partridge had opened to the landlady reſpecting Jones, and which ſhe now imparts to her new gueſt, leads to thoſe paſſages which gradually tend to the cataſtrophe of the plot.

In the fifth chapter the curioſity of the reader is ſatisfied, by being informed that the lady in the fine riding-habit was no other than Sophia herſelf, and her attendant, Mrs. Honour. The arrival of our heroine at this inn, and at this critical period, is brought about without the ſmalleſt deviation from the laws of probability; and the ſteps which Sophia took, in order to diſcover if Jones was then really at the inn, and in the circumſtances which Partridge had deſcribed to Mrs. Honour, were the moſt likely means of aſcertaining the truth. In the dialogue which paſſes between the landlady and Partridge, and between the pedagogue and Mrs. Honour, the ſeveral ſpeakers expreſs themſelves in the moſt appropriate language, the ſentiments of each being delivered

in terms coincident to the opinion we had already conceived of them.

The ſixth chapter diſpoſes of ſuch characters whoſe appearance is at preſent no further neceſſary, by ſending them off to Bath in the coach with the two Iriſh gentlemen. The arrival of Mr. Weſtern at the inn is related in the ſeventh chapter, where the peculiarities of that gentleman are well preſerved. The arraignment of Jones before the Worceſterſhire magiſtrate, the wiſe demeanour of the juſtice, and the behaviour of Mr. Weſtern, are delivered in a truly comic ſtrain of humour; and in the two following chapters the eſcape of Sophia is accounted for. The remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Weſtern on this occaſion are truly characteriſtic. Mr. Fielding's obſervations on the becoming fortitude neceſſary to the fair ſex, and which, as he juſtly remarks, is not incompatible with that tenderneſs and ſuavity of diſpoſition ſo peculiarly their characteriſtic features, is deſerving the conſideration of every female reader of this romance, and is in a very peculiar manner exemplified in the conduct of Sophia at her meeting the man who had been diſpatched by Mrs. Honour. The route of Sophia and her maid is deſcribed with great humour; and their arrival at the inn which Jones and his companion had choſen for their abode is accounted for on rational grounds.

The introductory chapter to the eleventh book forms a pretty ſevere ſarcaſm on thoſe gentlemen who ſet themſelves up as arbiters of wit and learning, under the denomination of critics. Theſe ſelf-created dictators in the commonwealth of Parnaſſus Mr. Fielding does not heſitate to brand with the epithet of ſlanderers: the ſlanderer of books, our author contends, is a character not leſs noxious than the ſlanderer of the reputation of others. In this chapter he takes an occaſion to aſcertain the original meaning of the Greek word which we tranſlate critic, and to deſcribe thoſe who are exempted from the cenſures here paſſed on that claſs of writers.

The caſual rencounter between the two couſins on the road, mentioned in the ſecond chapter, is within the bounds of probability, though not one of thoſe occurrences which, as our author in another place obſerves, are to be met with in the home articles of a newſpaper.—From the trivial accident which happened to Sophia whilſt ſhe was endeavouring to accommodate Mrs. Fitzpatrick with a handkerchief, an incident afterwards ariſes which tends in a very material degree to the cataſtrophe of the plot, by introducing Jones to his miſtreſs at a time when his affairs were in a very critical ſituation. The portrait drawn of the landlord of the inn where the ladies ſtopped after their long and toilſome ride, is no diſtorted likeneſs of many a hoſt in real life. Many people there are, as well in this as in other profeſſions, who, if they can maintain a reputation for ſhrewdneſs and cunning among their neighbours, are not very ſolicitous as to the ſtains which may attach to their moral characters.

The hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, given in the fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh chapters of this book, forms a moſt beautiful and entertaining epiſode. In the ſixth chapter the pathos of the narrative is relieved by the converſation of the landlord at ſupper, which is a lively ſpecimen of the *vis comica*. The embarraſſment which appears in Mrs. Fitzpatrick at her relation of the manner in which ſhe eſcaped from confinement opens in ſome meaſure the character of that lady, which ſeems in every reſpect to have formed a contraſt to that of Sophia. The concluding ſentence of the ſeventh chapter

ought to be imprinted on the mind of every young married woman. I muſt own I have always dwelt with particular delight on the two epiſodes of the man of the hill and this of Mrs. Fitzpatrick: both of them are written in that peculiar ſtrain of humour and turn of phraſe peculiar to Fielding; and from each of them, by the attentive reader, may be gleaned inſtruction no leſs than amuſement. During the remainder of our ſtay at the inn the repaſt is of the moſt elegant kind; and the diſh, which has been ſo often ſerved up to us, never was cooked in a more reliſhing *goût* than what is brought forward in the eighth and ninth chapters. The metaphorical alluſions on Mrs. Honour's ſcolding, the reaſon aſſigned for this outcry, the anecdote of Mrs. Gwyn, the intemperate rage of the landlady, the chagrin of her huſband at the failure of his predictions, and the terms in which he delivers the meſſage of the noble peer to the ladies, are all of them paſſages of ſuch a truly comic turn that they cannot fail to excite burſts of laughter in every reader. The hurricane occaſioned by theſe events called forth a noble gueſt, who will appear to be of ſome conſequence in the enſuing part of the drama: this was the noble peer, through whoſe intervention Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obtained her liberty, and whoſe converſation and addreſs towards that lady accounts, in the mind of Sophia, for that part of her couſin's hiſtory over which Mrs. Fitzpatrick was deſirous of caſting a veil. You cannot but have remarked that mere narrative, which under the management of other writers would appear dull and inſipid, derives embelliſhment from the colouring of our author's pencil. To inſtance in this place the account of led captains, the contraſt drawn between hired vehicles and thoſe which (for diſtinction's ſake) are termed gentlemen's coaches, and the dialogue which paſſes between the ſagacious landlord and his wife; theſe are all of them ſpecimens of true humour; and the wit of every period is enhanced from appearing in a part of the hiſtory which, as I ſaid before, as a plain narrative, ſeems in ſome meaſure to need this kind of ornament. The equanimity of Sophia at diſcovering the loſs of her bank-bill holds forth a uſeful leſſon to the fair readers of this novel, to bear up with fortitude againſt every trifling diſappointment. The praiſes which Mr. Fielding beſtows on the ſeveral noblemen's ſeats mentioned in this chapter cannot fail to recal to the imaginations of thoſe who have viſited theſe delightful ſpots the pleaſure they had heretofore experienced on viewing them. The compliment paid to Mr. Allen, who then reſided at Prior-park, is remarkable for the delicacy of the conception and the terſeneſs of its expreſſion. The contraſt between the beautiful ſcenes of Devon and of Dorſet, when oppoſed to the gloomy paths over the barren heaths of Bagſhot and of Stockbridge, is finely painted. The itinerary of the numerous offspring of Wealth and Dullneſs, deſcribed at the latter end of the ninth chapter, is beautifully characteriſtic.

The doubt which was entertained reſpecting the amorous complexion of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her attachment to the noble peer, were fully confirmed by her behaviour in the coach. As the diſpoſition of the two couſins was in direct oppoſition to each other, the actions and principles of Sophia being regulated by the niceſt laws of decorum, whilſt thoſe of Mrs. Fitzpatrick were at leaſt problematical; hence it is not to be wondered at that the two ladies ſhould remain no longer together after their arrival in town. This chapter finiſhes the eleventh book

of the hiſtory; and I ſhall here conclude my letter, by aſſuring you that I remain, &c.

LETTER IX.

DEAR NIECE,

THE twelfth book contains the travels of Jones and his companion to their arrival in London, and will be found a moſt delicious cookery of the diſh offered up at the commencement of this mental repaſt. Never did human nature appear in a more ludicrous attitude than in the following pages. It is in truth a ſavoury diſh, and which, though often repeated, can never pall the appetite, ſo well ſeaſoned is it with the true Attic ſalt of wit and humour. The metaphor which Mr. Fielding has thought proper to make uſe of, in the introductory chapter of this book, towards elucidating the ſubject he has taken up, namely, the diſcrimination between what may be termed plagiariſms in an author and what not, is very happily conceived.

In the ſecond chapter, the hunting-match, and afterwards the drinking-bout between the two 'ſquires, is related in terms replete with wit and humour. The remark of the author, in the third chapter, of having been frequently given to jumping on peruſal of voluminous hiſtorians, is a well-founded rebuke on thoſe minute deſcriptions which are oftentimes met with, as well in hiſtorians and voyage-writers, as in the modern novels. The pedantic obſervations of Partridge, on the man of the hill, are perfectly in nature; and ſo likewiſe are his fears of being ſhot in battle, and the comfort he derives from the procraſtination of his term of years in this life, and of dying in his bed at a good old age: in ſhort, the whole of this chapter is replete with true and genuine humour; and not leſs in nature is the converſation with the beggar man whom they caſually meet with, in the fourth chapter. Upon the circumſtance of the pocket-book which this man had found, depends a very conſiderable portion of the entertainment to be met with in this book. The ſkill of our author, in connecting the ſeveral incidents of his drama ſo that each part may have a coincidence with the other, and his art in making the moſt trivial circumſtances in ſome way or another conduce to the main deſign, we have taken notice of more than once; and I know of no one example that more clearly illuſtrates this obſervation than the pocket-book in queſtion. The fortuitous coincidence of the ſeveral incidents relative to this toy, namely, the loſs by Sophia, the beggar's fortunate diſcovery, and the accidental meeting of Jones and the beggar man, though they are all of them occurrences neceſſary to the thread of the ſtory, yet in all theſe fortunate events there is nothing forced or unnatural, but all is brought about through a combination of ſuch cauſes which we may obſerve to happen every day in real life; and the mind eaſily yields its aſſent to the ſeveral incidents, not ſo much becauſe they were neceſſary to the plot, but becauſe it feels the propriety of the relation. The dialogue between Jones, Partridge, and the beggar, flows in a truly comic ſtrain, and each of the actors in the ſcene expreſſes himſelf in the moſt appropriate terms.

The exhibition of the puppet-ſhow, in the fifth chapter, furniſhes the author with a juſt ſubject of criticiſm on ſentimental comedies. Of this deſcription are many of thoſe which have lately had a run on the ſtage; particularly thoſe comedies which have been tranſlated from the German, and which have frequently attracted full houſes. In relation to theſe ſolemn repreſentations, the ſame queſtion might, without any

impropriety, be asked, which the manager of Covent-Garden theatre once put to an author, upon his offering a comedy and a tragedy for his acceptance. Mr. Rich, the patentee, after having perused the former, gravely accosted the author in these terms—'Pray, sir, is this your comedy or your tragedy?'

In the sixth chapter, poor Grace's frailty, and her appeal to the conduct of the lady in the puppet-show, as an excuse for her backsliding, furnishes a good argument for the landlady to turn the weapons of the puppet-show man against himself. This chapter and the next overflow with humour in every line. The serious altercation in the kitchen deserves your notice, as a specimen of colloquial disputation, in which the peculiar turn of each of the speakers is strongly marked with an analogy to his profession. The incidents brought to light in the eighth chapter are a further illustration of what I have before observed, respecting the excellent disposition of the several parts which connect the links of this history, and the nice coincidence of each part to the whole. The quarrel between the puppet show man and his merry-andrew; the intelligence which, in consequence of this dispute, Mr. Jones obtained of the track which his lady had taken; and the meeting with the post-boy who had attended on Sophia; however extraordinary they may appear at first sight, may nevertheless be matched by those which frequently occur in real life. The arrival of our travellers at the inn where Sophia had been lodged, and the meeting with Mr. Dowling, the attorney, form subjects for the ninth and tenth chapters. This gentleman will hereafter appear to be a very principal agent in bringing about a reconciliation between Mr. Allworthy and Jones. The observations which Mr. Fielding makes in this place, on the prevalence of habit and the change which the profession of a man frequently works in his natural disposition, are the result of deep reflection on the manners and principles of men: at the same time Mr. Fielding spares no pains to exculpate these characters from the charge of inhumanity and selfishness, where the trade or calling of the man is out of the question. This he illustrates in the cases of a surgeon, an attorney, a butcher, and a soldier. Great numbers of the lawyers, in the days when our author wrote, were men of low breeding, and of little or no education; for at that time it was easy to procure admission to practise in the courts, which are now rendered inaccessible to any but men of property and scholastic acquirements. Mr. Dowling's ignorance of the dead languages, and indeed his inability to converse on any other topic but what related to his own profession, is therefore easily accounted for. The relation of our travellers' peregrination in a dark and rainy winter's night, in the eleventh and twelfth chapters, is set forth in very picturesque language, and with infinite humour. Though we cannot avoid compassionating poor Jones, accommodated as he was with an ignorant guide and stumbling horses; yet we cannot refrain our mirth at the superstitious fears of the pedant, and at his tale of the farrier, which last is in the true Cervantic style. The introduction of our triumvirate to the gipseys, the conversation which passed between Jones and the king, with the several passages that took place in the barn, are all of them faithful copies from real life; and so likewise is the intrigue between Partridge and one of these sooty ladies. The gipseys were once a numerous race, and had spread themselves over the greatest part of Europe. In England there were large gangs of

them. Juggling, fortune-telling, and thieving, were the diſtinguiſhing features of this community; and the obſervations which the king makes reſpecting his ſubjects is a pretty juſt one—'Our people rob your people;' and I believe there are but few inſtances of their having paid a viſit to any parts where they have not left marks of their pilfering diſpoſitions. But their numbers are now conſiderably diminiſhed. The dialect of theſe people was a kind of broken Engliſh, of which the ſpecimen given by Mr. Fielding is no bad reſemblance. Whenever our author relates mere matter of fact, he never fails to embelliſh the narration with ſome enlivening *jeu d'eſprit*: thus, in the preſent chapter, the amorous parley between Mr. Partridge and the female gipſey is introduced as a relief to the diſcourſe which paſſes between Jones and the king. In the latter part of this chapter, the obſervations of the author, recommending a limited form of government in preference to abſolute monarchy, muſt be readily aſſented to by every reader.

In the eleventh chapter, the expeditious route of our travellers from Coventry to St. Alban's is related; and to diverſify the ſcene and render the recital more pleaſing, we are treated with a very facetious dialogue between Jones and his companion. On this occaſion you cannot but have obſerved how nearly the ſentiments of the lower orders in ſociety accord with thoſe of the pedagogue, in reſpect to the notions of right and wrong. Few of thoſe whoſe ideas have been narrowed (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) by a mean birth and illiberal breeding, are capable of diſtinguiſhing between the literal conſtruction of the decalogue and that decorum and comprehenſive energy which regulate every act of thoſe of more elevated and enlarged minds. Mr. Partridge, though he had a ſufficient fund of grammatical lore to render him pedantic, was of that claſs of men who, provided they keep within the letter of the law, conclude they have fulfilled every thing required of them: even the rebuke of Jones would have affected him but little, had not our hero preſumed to ſneer at his affectation of ſuperior knowledge. 'A little learning,' ſays Mr. Pope, 'is a dangerous thing;' and ſo it proved to Mr. Partridge, whoſe hackneyed quotations ſerved only to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of men of real erudition, who in general converſation avoid every thing which may denote them to be better lettered than their neighbours. The attack made by the highwayman on Mr. Jones, as related in the fourteenth chapter, may very eaſily be reconciled to probability. Mr. Jones's generoſity on this occaſion is very conſpicuous, and this occurrence ſerves hereafter to combine with other paſſages very material in the future period of this hiſtory. I am, &c.

LETTER X.

DEAR NIECE,

In the thirteenth book we are introduced to a ſociety totally different from any of the former perſonages in this work. The rural ſcenes which have hitherto engaged our attention now give way to the more elevated proſpects of a town life. Mr. Jones and his friend have now reached the capital; and not only the perſons with whom they have connections differ, as I before obſerved, both as to their manners and behaviour, from their former aſſociates, but as the hiſtory draws nearer to a concluſion the dialogue, for both theſe reaſons, becomes more ſerious than that to which we had formerly been accuſtomed. Indeed, as the company in which Mr. Jones now paſſes his time is chiefly made up of perſonages of rank and faſhion,

among whom the eſtabliſhed laws of politeneſs and decorum do not admit of that variety of manners to be met with in the more humble walks of life, the whole would have formed a dull inſipid narrative, had not the author contrived to enliven the ſcene with ſome humorous ſketches from among the lower orders in ſociety.

In the introductory chapter to this book the invocation exhibits a true claſſical taſte. The two preceding ſections are beyond all deſcription beautiful, and indeed, in ſome meaſure, prophetic. Many a tender maid, whoſe grandmother was then ſcarcely born, has ſent forth the heaving ſigh from her ſympathetic breaſt while ſhe read the many affecting paſſages to be met with in this hiſtory. Perhaps there never was a groupe of authors more happily aſſociated than thoſe enumerated by Mr. Fielding in this chapter—two of them of ancient, and four of modern, date. You will, doubtleſs, admire the very elegant manner in which he paſſes a juſt, and at the ſame time the moſt delicate, tribute of praiſe on two of the moſt amiable perſonages then living (lord Lyttleton and Mr. Allen); nor is the compliment which he pays to the vaſt erudition of Mr. Warburton, afterwards biſhop of Glouceſter, leſs refined.

The ſecond chapter of this book recites, in very humorous terms, the arrival of Mr. Jones and Partridge in London, and their fruitleſs inquiry after the peer who had brought Sophia and Mrs. Fitzpatrick to town. The gentle tap at his lordſhip's door; the apparel of Jones; the appearance and behaviour of the porter; the compariſon drawn between the keeper of this gate and Cerberus, the dog who is ſaid, in Virgil, to ſtand ſentinel at the gates of Hell; are calculated to excite humour in every reader. The converſation between Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her maid likewiſe ſerves to enliven the plain narrative delivered in this chapter; and from the opinion which this lady now conceives of Sophia from her diſingenuous manner of not having made any mention of Jones in the relation of her adventures, ſeem to originate many of the perplexities which befel our heroine at lady Bellaſton's. Curious is the character which Mr. Fielding has drawn of lady Bellaſton; yet, ſtrange as the conduct of this lady appears, it is by no means a phenomenon in high life. The grave diſcourſe which paſſes between lady Bellaſton and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and the concern which each of them expreſſes for her couſin Sophia; whilſt the one was eager to be introduced to Jones and was fully determined to ſupplant poor Sophia in his affections, and the other had no further end to accompliſh than to regain the friendſhip of her uncle and aunt Weſtern at the expence of her couſin; exhibit a lively portrait of many perſons in real life, where every individual ſtrives to advance his own intereſt, however detrimental the means may prove to the intereſt and well-being of his neighbour.

In the third chapter is ſhown the advantage which Jones derived from meeting with the merry-andrew mentioned in the eighth chapter of the preceding book. The poſſeſſion of the pocket-book now relieves him from an embarraſſment which he would otherwiſe have felt at the interrogation put to him by Mrs. Fitzpatrick. The arrival of lady Bellaſton and the peer is announced with much humour. The ſimile by which the converſation is compared to a French diſh is a witty alluſion; and the ſarcaſms ſo freely beſtowed on Jones, when he had taken leave of this brilliant circle, are a convincing proof that the au-

thor was not unacquainted with the modes and uſages of the *bon ton.*

The family with whom Mr. Jones takes up his habitation, as related in the fifth chapter, being the ſame whoſe rooms Mr. Allworthy occupied when in town, affords materials to the author in the proſecution of his hiſtory; as it will be ſeen hereafter that the miſtreſs of the houſe and her daughters are very principal actreſſes in the drama, and that in ſome ſort, through the means of Jones's connection with this family, the paſſages which lead to his reconciliation with Mr. Allworthy and the developement of the whole plot, is brought about. The contraſt between the men of wit and pleaſure at the commencement of the laſt century and thoſe who in modern days have aſſumed the like denomination, is a well-directed irony againſt the latter, and is maintained with infinite pleaſantry. The relation of the diſpute between the young gentleman who inhabited the firſt floor of the houſe and his ſervant, and the diſtreſs of miſs Nancy on the occaſion, is very animated; the latter circumſtance leads us gradually to the expectation of a circumſtance which hereafter affords a conſiderable portion both of intereſt and humour. The ſpeech of Mr. Nightingale, on this occaſion, is truly characteriſtic from a young gentleman of wiſdom and *virtù*, ſuch as he is deſcribed in a preceding ſection of this chapter. The brief ſketches of the widow paint her in ſo prepoſſeſſing and amiable a light, as to induce the reader to wiſh for a more intimate acquaintance with her.

The manner in which lady Bellaſton contrives to obtain an interview with Mr. Jones, in the ſixth chapter, is happily conceived. Upon the ſanguine expectations which Jones entertained of meeting with Sophia at the maſquerade, though the foundation for theſe hopes were in reality very ſlender, Mr. Fielding takes occaſion of expreſſing his ſentiments in a language peculiar to himſelf on this happy diſpoſition of mind; and as well thoſe readers who feel themſelves actuated by this ſanguine turn, and view every event of life in the faireſt and moſt promiſing light, as thoſe whoſe ſaturnine complexions are unable to reach to this elevation, muſt acknowledge the juſtice of his reaſoning. The grave lecture of the mother, upon the ſubject of maſquerades, ought to be conſidered by every young lady under the like predicament with the daughters of Mr. Miller as a uſeful and important leſſon. The converſation between Jones and Partridge, wherein the extreme indigence of the former is made known, prepares the mind of the reader for ſome unexpected event which may operate to the relief of his neceſſity. To preſerve a conſiſtency in the thread of the ſtory, and that every event might fall out according to the uſual accidents of human life, it was neceſſary that Jones's finances ſhould become exhauſted; and, that the tale might at length be brought to a happy iſſue, it was likewiſe of importance that his purſe ſhould be recruited. But how is this to be accompliſhed? Not by ſupernatural means; for all thoſe events which do not fall within the compaſs of human agency Mr. Fielding has diſclaimed. To bring about this event, therefore, we ſhall hereafter find that the maſquerade ticket is no feeble inſtrument; nor could our hero have been fairly relieved from his preſent diſtreſs without ſome ſuch interpoſition as the author has provided for him in the perſon of lady Bellaſton. The blemiſhes in the character of this lady are of ſo groſs a nature as to preclude all credit in the minds of thoſe who

have been brought up in virtuous habits, and are unacquainted with the manners of high life: but too true it is, that the modes derived from a town education have planted in many a female mind vicious habits, which have thrown out no leſs vigorous ſhoots than may be obſerved in the conduct of the lady in queſtion. Under Mr. Fielding's management no evil can accrue from the peruſal of thoſe pages wherein the gallantries of this lady are recorded, as the relation of them is always accompanied with ſome ſtriking contraſt.

The faculty of our author in exciting the mirth of his readers we have frequently had occaſion to remark; and various inſtances have occurred in the foregoing pages, and more will be obſerved in the preſent and ſucceeding books, of his ſuperior excellency in depicting thoſe paſſages which have a more ſerious tendency. The ſtory related by Mrs. Miller, in the eighth chapter, is ſet forth in language ſo pathetic, and withal in terms ſo artleſs and unaffected, that it cannot fail ſtrongly to impreſs the feelings of every benevolent reader. And now permit me once more to expreſs my admiration at the ſkill and addreſs of Mr. Fielding, in adapting to each of the perſonages whom he introduces a turn of ſentiment and of language peculiar to their ſeveral characters, and of affigning to them the ſame peculiarity of expreſſion, whenever either of them is introduced. Mrs. Miller is repreſented as a woman of good underſtanding, of ſtrict virtue, and endued with the moſt tender feelings of humanity. Theſe traits in her character are viſible in all her deportment, whenever ſhe is introduced to our notice; and ſo far probably an author of inferior abilities might have ſucceeded. But what I mean chiefly to inſiſt upon is, the happy talent of Mr. Fielding in appropriating to each of his characters the ſame phraſeology and the ſame mode of expreſſion throughout the novel, ſo that each of the *dramatis perſonæ* is diſtinguiſhed by this circumſtance. In the caſe of Mrs. Miller, we recogniſe her by her circumlocution; which, however, does not render the converſation leſs pleaſing. The tale of woe, related in this chapter, of the Anderſon family, is well imagined, and coming from a lady, with whoſe character we have reaſon to be enamoured, renders it more intereſting to the reader.

In the ninth chapter we are again introduced to the company of lady Bellaſton. The tormenting ideas which are here ſaid to have ariſen in the mind of Jones, are ſuch which his unfortunate circumſtances may naturally be ſuppoſed to occaſion. What Mr. Fielding relates of lady Bellaſton, in the fifth ſection, will not prepoſſeſs the reader with a very high opinion of her perſonal charms. Indeed, from the character which our author has given of this lady, we may reaſonably conjecture that her perſon was not leſs tarniſhed than her mind. The contents of the notes which Jones is ſaid, at the latter part of this chapter, to have received from lady Bellaſton, are well adapted to denote the tumult and perturbation of her mind, after the rebuke which ſhe had received from her dependent, and are a demonſtration to what ſhifts a woman may be reduced, through that contamination which is the conſequence of every deviation from the paths of rectitude and purity of manners.

The meeting between Jones, Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Anderſon, in the tenth chapter, forms a very pathetic ſcene. The enthuſiaſtic gratitude of

Mr. Anderfon, with the reply of Jones, are couched in language which denotes the hand of a mafter.

The appearance of Sophia, in the eleventh book, is brought to pafs from a concurrence of very natural circumftances. The riot at the play-houfe was of itfelf competent towards haftening the return of our heroine. In this place I would intreat your recollection of that paffage, in the fourth chapter of the twelfth book, wherein Jones fortunately meets with the beggar-man and ftrikes a bargain with him for the pocket-book, which now appears of fo much confequence to the hiftory.

I am, dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT M'KENZIE;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN*.

[*Written by himfelf, and edited by* R. Ferrie—*Glafgow.*]

(Continued from p. 33.)

CHAP. IV.

In the language of Milton, I might now have faid, 'that the world was all before me, and Providence my guide;' but, unfortunately, the confoling ideas of that divine poet never happened to enter my memory: on the contrary, I was plunged in the moft profound melancholy; and it was not till I had left my houfehold-gods ten miles behind me that the fmalleft gleam of hope darted on my mind. About this time, however, I recovered in a fmall degree, and was enabled to make an obfervation with refpect to the place in which I was; for, by the direction of a finger-poft, I found I was only thirty miles diftant from Edinburgh, to which place I refolved to direct my fteps.

Nature, in fpite of forrow, cried aloud for refrefhment; and, upon making a ftrict look-out, I obferved a fmall cottage which the proprietor had dignified with the name of an inn, and, to fupport the title, had affixed St. Andrew, the tutelar faint of Scotland, completely decked in a Highland garb, over the wall, as a fign-board. Having entered into this cabaret, I was welcomed, in the common ftyle of Scotland, with good oat-cakes, bad cheefe, a flagon of whifkey, and a hearty 'Whare gang you, my braw laddy?'

As this queftion in my circumftances was rather *mal-à-propos*, I did not trouble myfelf to anfwer it; but, applying the flagon to my lips, in the hafte of defpair took a draught of the liquor which would have ftartled an older man. This potation had an almoft inftantaneous effect on my mental faculties; but, after I had tafted fome of the provifions, no entreaty could induce me to poftpone my departure. Although a very dark night had now fet in, my anfwer only was—'I am a poor ifolated being; and, whether I live or die, I fhall not be miffed by more than two perfons in the world.'—With this obftinate determination, after fatisfying mine hoft for his refrefhments, I fet forward for the capital of Scotland, on one of the darkeft nights in the end of October I had ever feen: but to me was alike the noontide glare of a perpendicular fun, or the murky fhades of eternal darknefs.

Suftained by the ftrength of the malt-fpirits I had imbibed, I proceeded at a great rate, and had already got within fifteen miles of Edin-

* The lofs of a confiderable quantity of the copy of this work, begun in January laft (as mentioned in the notices to correfpondents for February), has occafioned a long interruption in its continuance; but we hope we may now rely on the gentleman who favours us with the communication that it will be regularly continued till it is completed.

burgh when I was overtaken by a man on horſeback, who began to enter into converſation with me; who, by the ſuperior ſtyle of his language and the obſequiouſneſs of his attendant, I had reaſon to believe ranked in the firſt claſs. However as my ſorrows were deep-rooted in my heart, nothing but the whiſkey I had drunk could have induced me to enter into converſation with any one: as this was the caſe, I ſupported the diſcourſe with proper ſpirit, and was politely invited by the ſtranger to mount behind him, in order, as he expreſſed himſelf, that we might not part. Theſe words had hardly been uttered when five men ruſhed from a dry ditch on the road-ſide, and immediately diſcharged their piſtols. The bullets having ſtruck the horſes of the riders precipitated them both on the earth, fortunately without doing them any injury. I was the only ſufferer, as a ball had grazed my left ſhoulder.

At the moment the diſcharge was made, one of the aſſailants cried out—'Tremble, thou wretch; for the wrongs of my ſiſter ſhall now be expiated in thy heart's blood!'

The temporary flaſh which the diſcharge had made, ſerved to illuminate the road ſo far as to make the aggreſſors viſible; and my two companions drew piſtols from their pockets and fired them at the men, apparently with effect, as two heavy groans announced. For my part, being unprovided with fire-arms and irritated with the pain of my wound, I ruſhed upon the man who had graſped one of my friends, and with one blow of an oaken cudgel, which I carried in my hand, I precipitated him to the earth: his accomplices ſhared the ſame fate; both, after a ſevere ſtruggle, meaſuring their length on the ground, under the heavy ſtrokes of my truſty bludgeon.

The gentleman who had firſt accoſted me, and who had by this time recogniſed the good ſucceſs which had attended my exertions in his ſervice, now came forward; and, claſping me in his arms, ſwore that he was my eternal debtor, as he was conſcious that I had ſaved his life. An exquiſite ſenſe of pain prevented me from anſwering this polite addreſs, and I could hardly ſtammer out that I had been ſeverely wounded, when I ſank inſenſible in his arms.

The firſt object that preſented itſelf to my eyes, when I regained my ſenſes, was the figure of a genteel youth, hanging over my bedſide, in a ſmall room which appeared like a cottage. When this gentleman ſaw me revive, he informed me that he was the perſon to whom I had rendered ſuch a material ſervice; and added, that, after I had fainted, his ſervant and himſelf had with difficulty removed me to a ſmall cottage, near the ſcene of action where I then was; and that a ſurgeon had been ſent for immediately from a neighbouring village.

The entrance of the ſurgeon here broke off the diſcourſe. He, after having examined my hurts, pronounced (with a candour ſeldom found in his craft) that my wound was a mere ſcratch, that my fainting was only owing to fatigue and loſs of blood, and that he would guarantee my reſtoration to health after a quiet reſt of twenty-four hours; at the ſame time, after dreſſing my arm, giving me a potion for the purpoſe of procuring me ſound repoſe.

Theſe tidings ſeemed to create an unuſual degree of joy in my young friend, who took the doctor by the hand and exclaimed—'I ſwear by Æſculapius, you are the moſt worthy ſon of Galen that ever opened a vein.'

To this rhodomontade the ſurgeon anſwered with a bow; but inſiſted that the room ſhould be cleared, in order that I might enjoy the repoſe

I stood so much in need of. To this the only answer was an immediate departure; saying, as he went out, that he would wait till he saw me restored to health, though that time should not come for a twelvemonth.

When I awakened next morning, I found myself in good health; that is to say, I was totally recovered from the sickness that had pervaded my whole system the preceding night, and the only mark that remained was a slight wound, wholly unworthy of notice.

The gentleman with whom I had met the evening before having entered my apartment, and seeing me in that state, proposed that I should immediately set off for Edinburgh, where he said he was proceeding previous to our meeting; and announced himself by the name of Kenneth Murchison, styled lord Gartferry, only son of the earl of Kirkintilloch. After this previous introduction, his lordship, with the utmost delicacy, proceeded to inquire what were my future views, and whether the place of his friend and companion would suit my intentions.

'My lord,' I replied, 'I am a poor isolated being, cut off from every connection. I have nought to expect, that you would condescend so far as to receive me into your service; but this you may depend upon, that my life and action, consistent with honour, shall be devoted to your service.'

After this explanation had taken place between us, his lordship dispatched a servant to the neighbourhood of Falkirk to order a post-chaise, and at the same time he munificently satisfied the people of the house and our son of Æsculapius for the trouble they had had.

When we were on the road, Murchison, after having properly satisfied himself that I knew something of the modern languages, proceeded as follows:

'It will be proper,' he began, 'previous to your introduction to my father, that I should inform you of certain peculiarities in his character which will the better enable you to conduct yourself in such a manner as may gain his esteem. In his early days my father was distinguished as a man of gallantry. Every court on the continent resounded with his fame. This continued for some years, till he was awakened from his dream of pleasure by the duns of his creditors; who at last became so urgent for their cash, that my father was obliged to bethink himself not only of a retrenchment, but a retreat: in a word, he was obliged to bury himself in his native mansion, situated in the wildest part of Perthshire; where, by rigid economy, he satisfied his creditors in the course of three years. In this place, however, he soon experienced so much *ennui*, from the unvarying round of his days, that in a short time he became as much famed for a misanthrope as he had formerly been for a man of pleasure: yet even here his heart was not able altogether to resist the attacks of that sly archer Cupid. The *bonnie* daughter of a neighbouring laird, whose beauty and *gude blude* were her only portion, convinced him he was still a man. In the language of Cæsar, my father might have said that he came, saw, and conquered; for, in less than a month after his first declaration of love, my mother presided in the halls of his ancestors as countess of Kirkintilloch.

'For some time my father seemed to experience a renovation of his youth: but, alas! he was soon plunged in the same gloomy apathy as before; for, in less than a year after his marriage, his lady expired in giving me existence. This event nearly distracted my surviving parent; who for a long time, from the strong resemblance that I bore to my

deceaſed mother, could not endure my approach. I was therefore early ſent to the univerſity of Glaſgow, where I have paſſed the moſt part of my days, with no other token of remembrance from my parent than a regular ſupply of pocket-money. Latterly, however, he ſeems awakened to every feeling of parental tenderneſs, and has transferred to me that ardent affection which was formerly devoted to my mother. But you will obſerve that, indulgent as he is to me, he is not only ſtern, but moroſe to the reſt of mankind. This is a foible which every exertion I have hitherto made cannot eradicate, and I had reaſon to believe myſelf ſingularly ſucceſsful when I prevailed upon the earl to leave the ſounding halls of his forefathers to accompany me to Edinburgh, previous to my departure for the continent, which I intend to viſit in the courſe of a few days; and in my tour, with your leave, I ſhould be happy of your company, in the ſituation of my travelling-companion.'

After making a ſuitable anſwer to the diſcourſe of lord Gartferry, I could not avoid forming an anxious anticipation of my introduction to this moroſe father. Another reverie continued till the poſt-chaiſe ſtopped at an elegant houſe in Charlotte-ſquare, the manſion of the earl of Kirkintilloch. After we had entered the houſe, lord Gartferry, perceiving an evident degree of agitation in my countenance, aſſured me that, from the powerful recommendation of having ſaved his life, my reception would be cordial and ſatisfactory. Deſiring me to follow him, his lordſhip preceded me into a room, where I beheld an elderly gentleman, who at his appearance ſprung into his arms, and exclaimed 'My dear ſon!' Murchiſon returned the embrace; and, taking me by the hand, introduced me to his father, with theſe words—

'If your ſon is dear to you, what recompenſe owe you not to this young man; for in him behold the preſerver of my life? Attacked by a band of ruffians, I ſhould, ere now, have been food for the worms, had he not gallantly interpoſed and defended me from their barbarity.'

The earl, on hearing this, turned pale, and ſtaggered back; but, recovering from his emotion, he claſped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with a parental tear. Language is too feeble to expreſs the rapturous gratitude with which I was penetrated; ſuffice it to ſay, that the earl gave his inſtant conſent to the propoſal of making me attendant and companion to his ſon, and deſired me from that moment to conſider his houſe as my home.

My mind was thus relieved from a load which hung heavy on it, and again my heart opened to the proſpect of happineſs: a happineſs which would have been unalloyed, had it not been for the idea of the ill-fated Mary Smellie, which conſtantly intervened to diſturb my repoſe.

The morning after the day on which I had been introduced to the earl, being accuſtomed to riſe early, I had betaken myſelf to a library adjoining to my chamber. The volumes which were here collected conſiſted, for the moſt part, of the beſt authors, ancient and modern, moſt of which I had previouſly peruſed; but, upon looking narrowly around, I found a ſmall preſs filled with books, which were marked as collected by lord Gartferry. Curious to learn what ſtudies peculiarly attracted his attention, I turned ſome of them over, and found moſt of them to conſiſt of French and Italian novels, a ſpecies of reading with which I was little acquainted. Taking up one of the volumes of the witty Crebillon, I was peruſing it with ſuch eagerneſs that I had utterly forgot the hour of breakfaſt, when I

was suddenly interrupted by the earl of Kirkintilloch; who, observing that I was reading, came forward, and requested I would allow him to see the book I seemed to peruse with so much attention. When he had examined it, he proceeded thus:

'This is a book which ought to be put in the hands of no young man. The scenes are drawn in so lively a manner as highly to interest the reader; but the ideas suggested in every page render the work very unfit for a youth. The interest which I take in your future fortune induces me to point out this to you, and I hope that what I have observed will prevent you from perusing such books in future.'

These words were pronounced with such a dignified air, that I was deprived of the power of making an answer; but, in silence, returned the book to the place whence I had taken it.

During our stay in Edinburgh the elegant buildings with which that city abounds entirely engaged my attention, and my time was completely taken up in satisfying the curiosity which that romantic capital failed not to raise. The beautiful view of the shipping in the Firth of Forth, and the country around the city, which appears one continued garden when viewed from the turrets of Edinburgh castle, is peculiarly attractive.

While I was enjoying the prospect, I could not help turning round to lord Gartserry, who commonly attended me in these excursions, and exclaiming 'What folly must it be to wander over Europe, gaping like a fool at the curiosities of nature, when your own capital abounds with such beautiful and romantic scenes as this!'

'Ha, ha, ha, M'Kenzie! thou art a true Scot. Although this is the first city thou hast ever seen, yet I could swear thou art of opinion that it can be exceeded by none; and the reason of such preference is plain, *viz.* because this city is in Scotland.'

Not wishing to enter into any argument on the subject, I gave up the point; yet neither reason nor ridicule could efface the idea that Edinburgh was the first of cities.

Through the kindness of the earl and his son, every necessary that could be required by any gentleman was provided for me; and I was introduced to every company on the same footing with his lordship, and treated in every respect in a similar manner.

Two weeks had now elapsed since my introduction into the family of the earl, and the packet that was to conduct us to the continent was now on the point of being ready to sail.

(*To be continued.*)

Ladies' Dresses *on his* Majesty's Birth-Day, *June* 4.

Her Majesty.

Petticoat of amber colour, and silver tissue, with ornaments of fine black lace, with a great profusion of diamonds, in various forms suspended; the draperies were in large Vandykes, and at each Vandyke was a large diamond, and several chains of diamonds, bows, and other ornaments: the whole had a most superb appearance, together with the addition of a diamond stomacher, and *bouquet* of diamonds; sleeve bracelets, &c.; body and train of the same; silver tissue, ornamented, to correspond. Her majesty's head-dress was amber-coloured satin, richly spangled silver, and a tiara of diamonds.

Princess Augusta. A white crape petticoat, very richly embroidered in silver, and a border of lilac, with silver worked; over which a drapery of lilac crape, most superbly embroi-

dered in ſilver convolvulus, and large Vandykes round the draperies, and *bouquets* of ſilver flowers; body and train of lilac ſarcenet, wove in ſilver.

Princeſs Elizabeth. A white crape petticoat, richly ſpangled with ſilver, with full draperies of rich ſilver tiſſue gauze, formed in diviſions by broad Vandyke ſilver foil, and brilliant *rouleaux*, drawn to a centre, and faſtened with handſome large ſilver bunches of oak and acorns; a broad foil bottom; the whole elegantly diſplayed and highly finiſhed, with rich ſilver cords and taſſels: train white and ſilver tiſſue; head-dreſs, an elegant diſplay of feathers and diamonds, taſtefully diſpoſed. The *tout enſemble* of her royal highneſs, as uſual, bore a ſplendid appearance.

Princeſs Mary. A white crape petticoat, ſuperbly embroidered in ſilver; a ſuperb large drapery of ſmall ſilver rings, with a rich border of ſilver foil, ſtudded with large white beads, and intermixed with ſpangles, broad ſheaves joined to bunches of lilies of the valley; ſmall pointed draperies thrown over with a border of foil leaves, drawn up with wreaths of lilies of the valley; rich ſilver cords and taſſels. This petticoat merits much notice, as it was peculiarly admired for the light and elegant diſplay of taſte; white and ſilver tiſſue train.

Princeſs Sophia. The ſame as princeſs Mary's in every reſpect.

Princeſs Amelia. Body and train of blue ſilver tiſſue, richly trimmed with Bruſſels lace, &c. &c. Petticoat blue crape; on the left ſide ſtripes of foil, and ſtars of ſteel bugles; on the right, a drapery elegantly embroidered with ſilver, forming bunches of flowers, bordered with a foil chain, and drawn up with handſome cord and taſſels; ſecond drapery bordered the ſame, and tied up with bullion and taſſels to form a large Vandyke.

Princeſs of Wales. Her royal highneſs's dreſs was magnificent beyond deſcription: the petticoat and train of rich ſilver tiſſue, with drapery all round, embroidered in a moſt elegant and taſteful manner, with high poliſhed ſteel wreaths of flowers, intermixed with ſtars, roſes, and creſcents of the ſame; alſo ſilver ſpangles and pearls; the pocket-holes fancied with ſilver *rouleaux* and lace; high poliſhed ſteel embroidered band round the waiſt: head-dreſs ſuperb diamonds and feathers.

Ducheſs of York wore a white crape petticoat, with a moſt ſuperb border in ſilver, *à-la-Grecque*, over the petticoat; drapery conſiſting of chains of ſilver, with an elegant border of ſilver raiſed flowers, drawn up on the left ſide, with diamonds, and cords and taſſels; body and train of white crape, embroidered in chains of ſilver to correſpond. This dreſs was much admired, and we never ſaw her royal highneſs look ſo well.

Princeſs Sophia of Glouceſter. A beautiful ſilver gauze petticoat, embroidered border, and broad ſilver fringe; the drapery feſtooned in creſcents, and ſuperb ſilver plumes, with roſes ſuſpended with elegant taſſels; a wreath of roſes fancifully diſplayed on the left ſide of the petticoat: the train ſilver gauze, richly trimmed with ſilver.

Princeſs Caſtelcicala. A white and gold petticoat, with purple and gold draperies, rich cords and taſſels; train purple crape.

Ducheſs of Dorſet. White crape petticoat, moſt ſuperbly embroidered in ſilver, with very broad and rich border of the ſame; robe white and ſilver.

Ducheſs of Northumberland. Petticoat white ſatin, drapery colour *de Cannelle*, with broad ſcrole border, elegantly embroidered in ſilver; robe, colour *de Cannelle.*

Ducheſs of Gordon. Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in

ſilver, draperies of rich ſilver gauze, elegantly trimmed with rich ſilver taſſel and cord; train of rich ſilver gauze, trimmed with rich wheat-ſheafs in ſilver; ſleeves of ſilver net, with cord and taſſel; the whole trimmed with fine broad blond: head-dreſs white oſtrich feathers and diamonds.

Marchioneſs of Downſhire. Petticoat white crape, moſt ſumptuouſly embroidered in ſilver ſpangles, white drapery, with rich Moſaic border, drawn up with wreaths and bunches of mignonette; robe, white crape and ſilver.

Marchioneſs of Saliſbury. Blue and ſilver, with white petticoat, trimmed with ſilver, and feſtooned with oak leaves; head-dreſs, profuſion of diamonds in front. We obſerved a cameo of his majeſty on a large ruby, to which was ſuſpended a very large and beautiful pearl.

Counteſs of Weſtmoreland wore an elegant petticoat of white crape, covered with the moſt beautiful point lace, with ornaments of jewels fixed on the petticoat, in a moſt elegant ſtyle: the whole formed a ſuperb dreſs. Her ladyſhip's body and train were trimmed with pearls.

Counteſs of Cholmondeley. A petticoat of lemon colour crape, richly embroidered in brown and ſilver; draperies of the ſame; the whole elegantly trimmed with large ſilver taſſels, and ſilver *rouleaux*; train of lemon colour crape, trimmed with blond and ſilver; pair of Bruſſels lace ſleeves, and Bruſſels lace handkerchief; turban of lemon colour crape, with feathers of the ſame and diamonds.

Counteſs of Uxbridge. A white crape, rich embroidery in ſilver; the under petticoat in elegant Moſaic work, over which an embroidered drapery of a different pattern, with a rich border, rich cord and taſſels, fine broad blond: the whole was extremely elegant, and much admired.

Counteſs of Aberdeen. A white crape petticoat, handſomely formed at bottom with rich ſilver *rouleaux*, ſo contrived to have a new and very pleaſing effect; the drapery obliquely faſtened with beautiful *rouleaux* and crape, that gave it the appearance of broken waves, riſing in gentle order, and ſo continued till loſt under the fluidity of an elegant ſilver cord and taſſel; blue ſarſenet body and train.

Counteſs of Carnarvon wore a very ſuperb dreſs, quite in the Indian ſtyle: it conſiſted of a ſilver gauze, thrown over a white ſarſenet petticoat in draperies, with a rich embroidery interſperſed, and bordered with Vandykes, taſtefully drawn up from the right to the left ſide with rich bullion and taſſels; train of Indian gauze, trimmed with ſilver and Bruſſels lace. This dreſs altogether was extremely elegant, and, as uſual, diſplayed her ladyſhip's ſuperior taſte.

Viſcounteſs Hereford. A train of white crape, richly trimmed with ſilver, ſleeves appliqued with ditto, and trimmed with large ſilver bullion; petticoat of white crape appliqued, and rich border of ſilver in demi-Vandykes, and finiſhed at bottom with a deep ſilver fringe; right ſide ornamented with rich embroidered ſtripes upon green; a drapery on the left ſide appliqued, bordered with Vandykes, and fringe to correſpond with petticoat, and tied up with very large ſilver rope and taſſels; pocket-holes handſomely finiſhed with ſilver, &c.

Viſcounteſs Hampden. A ſlate-coloured crape body and train, ornamented with ſilver and yellow roſes; white crape petticoat, with yellow and ſilver; a drapery of ſlate colour crape, taſtefully drawn up with handſome ſilver cords and taſſels, embroidered with ſilver, and decorated with

large yellow roſes: the whole had a moſt beautiful effect, and was much admired.

Lady Auguſta Clavering. A white ſatin petticoat, with rich embroidered border in ſilver, and a moſt beautiful pink drapery, elegantly embroidered in ſilver, with large rich taſſels: a pink train. Her ladyſhip wore a very ſplendid coronet of jewels on her head.

Lady Mary Thynne. Petticoat of pea-green crape, richly embroidered in bugles and beads; draperies of the ſame, vandyked with white ſatin, and trimmed with ſilk cords; train of pea-green crape, embroidered in bugles, and trimmed with broad blond lace; head-dreſs, pea-green feathers, and *bandeau* of diamonds.

Lady Ann Aſhley. A white crape petticoat; the drapery of ſpangled crape, with a beautiful embroidery acroſs the petticoat, and tied up with large ſilver taſſels and cord of uncommon richneſs; the body and train of white crape, very richly ſpangled, and embroidered ſleeves and point lace; head-dreſs, ſilver *bandeau*, diamonds, and feathers: the *tout enſemble* very brilliant and beautiful.

Lady Young. A white crape petticoat, with crape draperies, taſtefully ornamented with white ribband and blue corn flowers; the draperies drawn together with large bunches of wheat ears and corn flowers. This dreſs was much admired for its ſimple but truly elegant appearance; train white figured ſarcenet.

Lady Younge, the lady of ſir George. This lady's dreſs diſplayed a great deal of taſte and elegance; white crape coat richly ſpotted over with large ſilver ſpangles, at the bottom a running pattern of white ſilver roſes and leaves, trimmed with deep ſilver fringe over the coat; two draperies of Pomona green crape, with a rich border of ſilver roſes and leaves, covered over with large ſilver ſpangles, trimmed with ſilver fringe; pocket-holes of the turban kind; body and train white crape, with ſilver ſleeves and turban half-ſleeve; head dreſs white crape, with ſilver border to correſpond with the dreſs: truly elegant.

Lady Calthorpe. A dark-green crape coat, ornamented with bunches of lilies of the valley; the leaves of fine white lace, the flowers white beads riſing out from the centre of a large creſcent, made of white lace ſurrounded with ſmall beads; acroſs the coat a looſe green crape drapery, flowered with a deep white fine lace, trimmed with beads to correſpond with the coat; the whole covered over with beads ſuſpended: the bottom of the coat trimmed with lace and beads, which had a beautiful effect; turban pocket-holes with large bows of green ribband; body and train dark-green crape, with turban ſleeves. This lady is remarkable for the elegant taſte of her court-dreſſes, and generally deſigns her own patterns.

Lady Grantham. Petticoat crape, with deep border of white and ſilver, and lilac; a drapery of white and ſilver, with loops of ſilver *rouleaux*; and ſmall bunches of blue flowers: rich ſilver cord and taſſels; train lilac and white gauze in ſtripes, fringed with ſilver; cap lilac, white and ſilver, with white oſtrich plume.

The Lady Mayoreſs was elegantly and ſuperbly dreſſed: the petticoat of lilac crape, embroidered in ſilver ſtars; a drapery and point of beautiful ſilver Venetian net and taſſels, with a broad border of embroidered ſprigs and creſcents, edged with taſſels, ornamented with large *rouleaux* and brilliant ſilver taſſels; train of lilac crape, richly embroidered in ſilver to correſpond; head-dreſs a plume of oſtrich feathers, and diamond ſprays and *aigrette*. Her lady-

ſhip's dreſs was very magnificent, and one of the handſomeſt at court.

Mrs. Dupree was dreſſed with much elegance and taſte: her petticoat a rich embroidery of ſilver upon white crape, edged with a border of Venetian net and bullion; baſes of ſoft crape, looped up with emboſſed ſilver rope and taſſels; the body and train to correſpond, with diamond epaulets and armlets; head-dreſs a wreath and feather of diamonds.

Mrs. Charles York. A blue crape petticoat, richly embroidered with ſilver foil and ſpangles; elegant drapery of the ſame, richly embroidered with borders of antique ſcroll, covered with ſilver ſpangles; the drapery was ſeparated by very large rich taſſels and cord; blue and ſilver train; head-dreſs feathers and diamonds. It was ſuperb, and admired in general.

Miſs Addington. Straw-coloured crape petticoat; ſpotted bead crape drapery, elegantly ornamented with yellow laburnums, beads, and taſſels, and a ſtraw train. This young lady attracted much admiration.

Miſs Courtenay. Petticoat of buff crape, richly embroidered in ſilver; draperies of buff crape, embroidered in lilies of the valley in ſilver, rich ſilver cord and taſſels; the petticoat trimmed with broad blond; train of brown and ſilver tiſſue, trimmed with wheat-ſheaf trimming in ſilver, with ſleeves of buff crape ſpangled and blond; head-dreſs buff and white feathers.

Miſs Calthorpe. White crape petticoat, with feſtoons of artificial moſs-roſes and roſe-buds acroſs the petticoat as a drapery, faſtened up with bows of white ribband; body and train white crape, with the turban ſleeves; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with white lace, and large bunches of moſs-roſes. This dreſs, from its elegant ſimplicity, was greatly admired, and does the deſigner much credit.

Mrs. Mainwaring. A white crape dreſs, richly embroidered with ſilver foil; bottom of the petticoat and drapery trimmed with deep ſilver fringe; pocket-holes ornamented with bows of crape, trimmed ſilver fringe; train beautiful brown imperial net; ſleeves of white crape, embroidered with ſilver, and twiſted with ditto; head-dreſs of net, ſilver feathers, and diamonds, to correſpond with the dreſs.

Mrs. Weld (on her marriage, by her mother, lady Stourton). Attired in white and ſilver; the petticoat embroidered in ſmall ſprigs, a border round the bottom of embroidered creſcents, double draperies of embroidery, edged with looſe ſilver taſſels, drawn up on one ſide with ſilver *rouleaux* and taſſels; head-dreſs a plume of oſtrich feathers and diamonds.

Miſs Mainwaring. A pale-green crape petticoat embroidered with ſilver, and faſtened with tinged pink and white roſes; the ſaſhes and bottom of petticoat trimmed with broad ſilver fringe, turban pocket-holes, and ſilver-edged bows; train of green crape; embroidered ſleeves, twiſted with ſilver bands; head-dreſs compoſed of feathers, pearls, and ſilver.

The Miſs Cookes. Violet crape dreſſes, ornamented with wreath and bunches of flowers; petticoat finiſhed at bottom with feſtoons of beads; ſaſhes of violet crape, tied up at left ſide with large rope and taſſels, taſtefully croſſed with wreaths of maidens-bluſh, roſes, and faſtened at right ſide with bunches of ditto; pocket-holes croſſed with wreaths of ditto, and tied with bead-cord and taſſels; train of violet crape, elegantly ornamented with a *coq de perle*; head-dreſs, pearls.

General Obſervations.

The prevailing colours were lilac and pale-blue: more white than

usual was worn, and flowers were in extraordinary abundance; much British lace was also seen, which, for beauty, surpasses Brussels. The head dresses almost universally consisted of feathers and jewels, few caps being worn. The feathers were large ostrich ones, drooping on the side of the head, the ends falling on the neck: the hair is still dressed in the Grecian style, long beads and bows of hair; the corkscrew curls and round beads are abolished.

Of jewellery, diamonds in profusion, ornamented combs in the head, antiques, amethysts and coloured stones, gold necklaces, thick gold cords, and gold chains about the neck, were in high vogue, to many of which were suspended medallions. Rouge (an article of dress) was rather less put on than usual. The sleeves were shorter than ever; very little ruffles were worn. The waists were much the same as formerly; hoops rather smaller, a change which adds to the grace and comfort of the ladies. The drapery petticoats, and the sloped trains, are the greatest improvements that have been made in the court-dresses, as nothing is more stiff and formal than either plain.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(Continued from page 248.)

DAYS and weeks rolled on. Ashton-grove was again enlivened, and Mrs. Harcourt greatly approved of her affable niece. Madame de Perpignon had just left her Emily with her fond uncle, and lady Mary's health was perfectly re-established, when Horatio, who had often beheld the papers of his deceased sister with humid eyes, gained the resolution to break the fatal seal; and, with a throbbing heart, read as follows:

'EMILY TO HORATIO.

'CAN I, or dare I, put down on paper the guilty indiscretions of my past life? Oh, Horatio! only brother of my soul! peruse the errors of the once-innocent Emily with lenity—with compassion of heart; and do not upbraid and load my memory with curses! for when you behold these lines, written in the agony of affliction, the tyrant Death will have taken this emaciated form to that happy bed of rest, where—perhaps unpitied—I may sleep in quiet!

'Well, well do I remember with what fond affection you kissed away my flowing tears, and pressed me to your heart, when my beloved father led me to the open arms of my mother; consenting to let me accompany his sister, Mrs. Dickson, to London. Fatal consent! for from that dreadful hour has followed all the misery of the now-wretched Emily!

'In the busy scenes of the gay metropolis, I became immersed in all its fashionable gaieties: a coquet without knowing it, I still pursued with eager avidity its luxuriant pleasures, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Dickson, who was a professed lady of the *haut ton*. Still in an hour of languor a thought of the rural shades of Ashton-grove would cross my mind, and cause a sigh to swell my breast for its worthy inhabitants.—But could I resist the sweet delirium of being the favourite of a throng of youthful *beaux* and *belles*? No!

'My little stock of fortitude forsook me, and I sunk fainting on the bosom of my beauteous Inis, when my kind father wrote me word that, if it was agreeable to me, I might stay with the bewitching Mrs. Dickson the ensuing winter. My

heart ſtrongly throbbed, my temples beat with violence, and only under the preſſure of the beautiful ſoft hand of Inis could they gain compoſure. . . . . . .

'Miſs Randolph was the ſincere friend of her falſe Emily. Oh, beloved Inis! methinks I now behold thy ſoft angelic countenance beaming with animating ſweetneſs on thy deſtroyer! thy cruel, cruel Emily! Inis, when I firſt beheld her, was the ſole ſurviving offspring of a numerous family, and under the guidance of a moſt worthy relation of her deceaſed mother. She was not rich nor handſome, yet there was that inexpreſſible ſomething in her ſoft ſpeaking eye which made her more than beautiful—more than all that is lovely. Inis, dear Inis! if thou art permitted to look down from thy bleſſed abode on thy deſolate Emily, gaze on my altered frame with pity, and ſend forth one of thy ſiſter-ſeraphs to animate this aching breaſt with comfort! Ah! dare I to aſk thee, beatified ſaint! to pity thy ſubtle friend? No: the blood freezes cold to my heart; my ſtiffened fingers deny to trace more at this moment than that I am moſt wretched! Farewell, till the pangs are paſt which rend it to deſpair and madneſs!

* * * * * *
* * * * *

'The taſk is heavy, yet I muſt ſubmit: the ſtruggle is over, and I now muſt unfold the ſecret thoughts which agitated this guilty ſoul!

'Captain Jenkins was introduced to me by Mrs. Dickſon, as an object worthy of gaining. He was young, handſome, and engaging; and heir to a ſplendid fortune when he attained his twenty-third year. I played away all my little ſtock of arts to gain the affection of this graceful hero, but in vain; for ſoon (ah, ſoon!) did I perceive that miſs Randolph's penſive ſmile and ſimplicity of manner had more entwined themſelves around his virtuous breaſt than all that I could do. My ſpirits took the alarm: I could not bear to ſee my humble friend, with her moderate ſhare of beauty, eclipſe me, the reigning toaſt; but ſuffered the fiend jealouſy to enter my breaſt, and like a flaming torch it fired my heart.

'Alfred Jenkins now forſook me, and in the amiable Inis's chains faſt was held. She loved him with the moſt ardent paſſion; and quickly would their ſpotleſs loves have been riveted in Hymen's bands, had I not infuſed into the unſuſpecting mind of Alfred ſuſpicions injurious to the honour of Inis, reſpecting her and a young attorney, whom, as a ſiſter ward, ſhe had been brought up with.

'Frederick Santer was moſt amiable, moſt engaging; and, in the tender friendſhip of the blooming Inis, forgot the ſhafts aimed by ingratitude. For poor Frederick, by the ill-natured few, had been cruelly treated: his ſpirits, leſs manly than feminine, could ill ſupport a ſhock which a bolder heart would perhaps have ſhuddered at; and, had not the kind miſs Randolph ſupported him in his languid hours, by her mild leſſons of piety and reſignation, the conſequences in all probability would have proved fatal, and the worthy Santer have fallen a devoted victim to the foul tongue of calumny.

'Inis truſted me, her Emily, with the ſecret workings of her ſoul. Her own boſom free from every failing, ſhe did not ſuſpect but that mine was equally as pure; but I (wretched I!) deluded her, and in an evil hour ſtabbed her peace for ever, and brought her—an angel!—to the early tomb. On her lover I doated to diſtraction, nay madneſs; but when I beheld his eyes ſo bewitchingly animated when addreſſing

the mild Randolph, and so contrary when addressing me, my pride took the alarm, my bosom heaved with "contending emotions," and I swore to have my revenge.

'From the time that I disclosed the horrid tale to Jenkins, a settled melancholy took possession of his mind; his eyes, no longer sparkling, were constantly fixed on the ground; and, when his once ruby lips unclosed, he uttered the murmurings of a distracted soul. Yet he revealed not the suspicions infused into him to the agitated maid, but suffered her to remain ignorant of the cause, ignorant of the wound his heart had received. At length, in one dreadful hour, he caught Frederick supporting her in his arms. He rushed upon him, drew his sword, and pierced him to the heart; then, branding the distracted, though innocent, cause of his misery with infamy, fell upon the reeking weapon, and closed his own life—a prey to the insidious arts of a subtle woman!

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'Long, long did the unfortunate miss Randolph exist a mourning maniac, to load my sight with the crimes I had been guilty of, in blasting her peace for ever. She breathed no sigh, she shed no tear; yet her wretchedness preyed heavy upon her fragile form, and only ended in her death.

'When the news first reached me of my once-loved Inis's death, my heart felt freed from a heavy weight which it could ill support, and smiles again revelled on my countenance to betray the unthinking. Ah! why was I born, if not to live virtuous? But let me not repine: 'tis past—'tis over—and only the barbed arrow is left in this distracted heart! But to return.

'A twelvemonth passed, and my regretted sire breathed his last, leaving me a small fortune, which was inadequate to support my numerous wants. England now to me was hateful; and, under the protection of the volatile Mrs. Dickson, I travelled to the continent. My mistaken aunt soon left me for, I trust, a better world; and I then remained alone in Venice, the voluptuous Venice.

'Misfortunes had changed my person and softened my heart: mild tenderness and feeling compassion alone reigned there, and gained me the affections of Edwin Lewis, an English gentleman of a prepossessing and mild exterior, joined to the most profound knowledge, which he had improved by travelling and the sensible converse of the most enlightened men. For him I felt not that ardent affection I had done for the regretted Alfred; no, the passion which the worthy Lewis inspired was respect, which soon ripened into a pure attachment never to be severed till death should part us, perhaps for ever!

'Emily, my sweet blooming Emily, was our only offspring, and under the tender care of her father she passed her early years. Happy to appearance, in the reposing care of my adoring husband, I spent eleven years; and when these watching eyes beheld the last sight of my beauteous Lewis, I swooned, and continued for eight months a prey to wretchedness, till the innocent soothings of my child recalled me, and I then felt what it was to be deprived of an adoring partner.

'I now quitted Venice, the scene of my misery, and passed into the romantic wilds of France; where chance led my steps to the sweet retired dwelling of madame de Perpignon, a woman whom to describe would be impossible, so lovely, so fascinating, was she. To her I told my story; yet so disguised it, that to this hour she believes me spotless.

Nay, do not undeceive her: let one at leaſt revere me.

'Now, Horatio, this bleeding heart has diſcloſed its ſorrows, I will ſpeak of my child, the image of my ſweet Lewis! Oh, Horatio! brother of my affections! ſpurn not the tender girl; but claſp her to your heart, and teach her to ſhun her mother's fatal conduct. Rear her an Inis, but warn her not to reſemble her mother. Horatio, 'tis hard, 'tis painful, for me to ſay farewell! yet it muſt come. Oh, brother! protect my child, my Emily, who muſt not ſuffer for my crimes!—Remember 'tis my laſt requeſt.—Farewell, kind Horatio, farewell!

'Thy devoted ſiſter,

'EMILY LEWIS.'

(*To be continued.*)

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(*Continued from p.* 252.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Herman, alone.

MR. Wodmar is not here: I ſuppoſe he was tired of waiting, and went away.

SCENE II.

Wodmar, Matilda, Amelia, Herman, Louiſa.

Wodmar (*following Amelia and Matilda*). Fly me not, madam.—I aſk only one moment. Condeſcend to ſacrifice it to the tender attachment I feel towards you.

Amelia. The honourable views you have declared to Matilda muſt certainly, ſir, enſure to you her utmoſt eſteem; but ſhe has not concealed from you that ſhe cannot give you her heart in return for yours; and ſince your laſt converſation with her, I do not believe that ſhe has changed her ſentiments.

Wodmar. Permit me to aſk the young lady herſelf whether ſhe has condeſcended to conſider my propoſals?

Matilda. They were certainly of a nature to merit my attention—but—I cannot accept them.

Wodmar. You hate me, then, lovely Matilda?

Matilda. I hate no perſon.

Wodmar. Are you happy?

Matilda. I can ſubmit to what is my fate.

Wodmar. Do you flatter yourſelf it will one day be leſs ſevere?

Matilda. Thoſe who have no hope muſt be wretched indeed.

Wodmar. The count, your father, is expected to arrive to-day?

Matilda. He is, ſir.

Wodmar. And he has renewed thoſe orders which place between you and him an inſurmountable barrier.

Herman (*eagerly*). How, ſir!—Can you imagine——

Wodmar. I cannot doubt it. The daughter of count d'Orlheim, baniſhed to the moſt remote apartment of the manſion, is ſeparated from him by a grate and an iron door, which none dare open till his departure; by the moſt rigorous injunction never to appear in his preſence; by a prohibition to the whole family to ſpeak in her favour, or even to pronounce her name. I know every thing. My curioſity may be thought reprehenſible; but humanity, but love, are its motives and its excuſe. Deareſt Matilda, you are rejected, deſerted, proſcribed!—You weep! Alas!—pardon me. Judge me by my heart, and forgive the harſh means which neceſſity compels me to have recourſe to. Your father comes, and in his train hatred and contempt for the unfortunate Matilda, who is condemned to confinement and grief. Yet Wodmar is at your feet; Wodmar, who adores you, who wiſhes to reſcue you from

your fate, who offers you his hand, his fortune, his heart. Say but the word, and I will ſpeak to the count, and perhaps I may obtain his conſent. You ſhall no longer languiſh and ſuffer: you ſhall be reſtored to the rank to which you were born, and my whole life ſhall be dedicated to the obliterating from your memory the unmerited perſecution your innocence has ſuffered.

Louiſa (*aſide*). The gentleman, it cannot be doubted, means very ſincerely and generouſly.

Amelia. You certainly, ſir, have undeniable claims to our gratitude.

Herman. You ſeem to deſerve to be happy.

Matilda (*much embarraſſed*). I cannot, ſir, but be ſenſible of your generoſity; but I depend on a father—

Wodmar (*eagerly*). You will then permit me to ſolicit his conſent; and if he grant it, you promiſe——

Matilda (*haſtily*). No—(*Checking herſelf, and much confuſed*) I—I—promiſe nothing.

Wodmar (*with warmth*). But if your heart is free, if you do not hate me, ſuffer me to reſcue you from your preſent ſituation, and terminate your ſufferings; with which I reproach myſelf, which render me miſerable, and of which, in fine, I am the cauſe.

All (*with the greateſt ſurpriſe*). You!

Amelia. What have you ſaid?

Herman. Explain yourſelf.

Wodmar. I cannot. Honour forbids me to ſpeak. I am innocent, yet culpable. I am the victim of a crime which I have not committed, and which enchains me in its fearful bonds. You alone can give me the power and the right to make reparation for this crime. Matilda, have pity on yourſelf and on me—ſave yourſelf from neglect and diſgrace—ſave me from remorſe and deſpair.—Be mine.

Matilda. I cannot comprehend, ſir, what part you can have in my griefs: it is a myſtery which I do not even deſire to penetrate. I thank you for the intereſt you take in my ſituation. I am ſenſible to the proofs of an eſteem which unhappily I can only repay with my gratitude. But I muſt refuſe my conſent to your acting in the manner you propoſe; for I cannot accept your hand. Be happy; but with another. I wiſh it, and you deſerve it. As to my misfortune, it may be mitigated. A father will not always be inexorable: Heaven, I truſt, will inſpire mine with compaſſion. Should my fate not change, I ſhall be able to ſubmit to it. A pure conſcience and a blameleſs life are conſolations under ſuffering; courage familiariſes us with it, and death is its termination.

Wodmar. Me too, believe me, courage ſhall never forſake. Love ſhall redouble its force, and I will prevent you from preſenting to the inhuman pity of mankind the ſpectacle they admire of virtue ſtruggling with adverſity, and which they tell us Heaven views with complacency. But this is a calumny againſt Heaven in which I will not join. I will call it to witneſs that in deſpite of your father, and, if neceſſary, even of yourſelf——

Scene III.

Amelia, Matilda, Wodmar, Herman, Louiſa, Philip.

Philip. A courier who precedes the count has this moment alighted in the avenue. My maſter will immediately arrive, and Mr. Erneſt is gone to meet him.

Matilda. My father! Oh, Heaven! Let us be gone. Happy Erneſt!—Unhappy Matilda!—

[*She retires with Amelia.*

Herman (*accompanying them*). How much do I lament your ſituation, and ſympathiſe in all your ſufferings!

Wodmar (*looking after them*). Un-

fortunate Matilda! And of your misfortunes I am the caufe!

Louifa (*afide, looking at Wodmar*). He ftays. What is his intention?

Herman (*to Wodmar, with a kind of embarraffment*). The count, on his arrival, will, no doubt, come into this faloon.

Wodmar. And as I muft fpeak with him, I fhall remain here.

Herman. This may not be the favourable moment. Do not expofe yourfelf, fir.

Wodmar (*haughtily*). How!—(*Checking himfelf*). The count fhall fee me. My fate depends on him; but his alfo depends on me.

Herman. I fhall fay no more.—(*Afide*). Fatal interview!—(*To Louifa*). Endeavour to perfuade him to go. A woman may perhaps obtain what he refufes to my intreaties.

[*He retires to the bottom of the ftage.*

SCENE IV.

Wodmar, Louifa.

Wodmar (*afide*). Let me calm, if poffible, my troubled mind; I have need of all my reafon.

Louifa (*afide*). This gentleman has fome very excellent qualities; but he feems to be too hafty, and a little inclined to obftinacy.—(*Aloud*). Permit me, fir, to reprefent to you——

Wodmar. You have heard what I faid to Mr. Herman: I perfift in my refolution.

Louifa. I have done, fir!

[*Offering to go; Wodmar ftops her.*

Wodmar. Your name is Louifa, I think; is it not?

Louifa. Yes, fir.

Wodmar. You were brought up with the beauteous Matilda, in this old caftle, which the countefs, her mother, inhabited for ten years?

Louifa. I was born here, fir.

Wodmar. Matilda loves you, and honours you with her confidence?

Louifa. I hope, fir, I am not undeferving of it.

Wodmar. There is here a very obliging and deferving young man, of the name of Philip, to whom I believe you are not abfolutely indifferent.

Louifa (*fmiling*). You feem to be very well informed, fir.

Wodmar. Oh, perfectly fo!

Louifa. What may be the meaning of all thefe queftions?

Wodmar. That if you will promote my interefts with the amiable Matilda, my gratitude fhall be boundlefs; and you and Philip, who, it is faid, are foon to be married, fhall have no reafon to repent that you have ferved me.

Louifa. I beg, fir, you would fay no more.

Wodmar. I am naturally not deficient in generofity, and when fervices of fuch importance are rendered me—

Louifa. But I, if I oblige any perfon, always do it difinterestedly.

Wodmar. That is not very common.

Louifa. But it is very right.

Wodmar. It may be fo. But young ladies in your fituation frequently have opportunities to become acquainted with fecrets.

Louifa. If I have I am able likewife to keep them; nor do I ever endeavour to difcover what it is not wifhed that I fhould know.

Wodmar. You are very fingular.

Louifa. I hope not; that would be little credit to my fex.

Wodmar. Mr. Erneft I believe fees Matilda every day: fhe admits him to the moft familiar intimacy?

Louifa. Mr. Erneft is her coufin, fir.

Wodmar. That will not prevent her from thinking him agreeable.

Louifa. Certainly not; it is only neceffary to look on him to think fo. He has very fine expreffive eyes.

Wodmar. Oh, you have noticed his eyes! have you?

Louifa. With pleafure, and without danger. But, fir, you take a ufelefs trouble; neither your quef-

tions nor your promises will obtain any thing of me. I shall only say, what I think I ought to say, I am neither to be gained nor dazzled. I attend to my own business, and not to the secrets of others. I am not fitted for intrigue. I believe that you are generous and deserving of Matilda. Do not degrade your character by endeavouring to debase mine. I respect you greatly, but I cannot serve you in the manner you seem to wish. The most effectual service that I can render you, in my opinion, would be to persuade you to leave this apartment before count d'Orlheim comes. Whether with reason or not, he is said to be much prejudiced against you. Do not provoke a disagreeable explanation, I conjure you; and if you sincerely love Matilda, give her, in your respect for her father, the most certain proof of your love for herself.

Wodmar. I adore Matilda, I respect count d'Orlheim, and I shall always esteem yourself for the propriety of your conduct.

Louisa. I only do my duty. I hear a noise. Some one is coming. No doubt it is the count.—(*Aside*) I am curious to see how they will meet, and hear what they will say to each other.

Wodmar. Let me not forget that he is unhappy, and by my fault.—He comes. How my heart palpitates! What an ascendancy must he have over us, the very sight of whom enforces a blush!

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

HEAD-dresses in hair, turned up and plaited behind, are still in vogue. *Yellow straw hats*, plain or *pearled*, are much worn. An attempt has been made to introduce flat *cornettes, à-la-paysanne.* For hats, the colours white, green, and lilac, are still in favour. Turbans, which are become somewhat rare, are worn more over one ear than another; sometimes almost the whole of one side of the head is left uncovered. *Double colerettes*, in the English fashion, are frequent; as are round robes trimmed with three rows of ribband. Robes with long trains are rarely to be seen. The only shawls in fashion are long shawls. They are worn suspended to the neck, and are of Cashmire, resembling Cashmire, or, at least, bordered with Cashmire. The ribbands in vogue are striped deep-green and apple-green.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full Dresses.

A SHORT robe and petticoat of white crape over white sarcenet, the petticoat made very long and trimmed round the bottom with silver *chefs*; the robe made short in front with a handkerchief corner behind, the fronts drawn full across the bosom and looped down with a diamond ornament; the sleeves short and plain with full epaulets, the whole trimmed with silver or gold *chefs*. A *bandeau* of diamonds or pearls through the hair with a whole bird of paradise feather fixed on the right side.

A dress of patent net worked with gold, the body plain and very low in the back, drawn round the bosom with a lace tucker. The sleeves ornamented with gold cord and tassels; the whole ornamented with gold trimming; the hair dressed and ornamented with a gold *ban..eau* and flowers.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, June 1803.

Mitan Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

Promenade Dreſſes.

A round dreſs of white muſlin, with a plain habit ſhirt of cambric, ſhawl of variegated ſilk net, ſtraw bonnet with a flower.

Round dreſs of plain pink Italian ſarcenet, with a habit ſhirt of worked muſlin and lace, ſhawl of white muſlin, hat of white ſilk turned up in front and ornamented with a yellow fancy flower; the hair dreſſed full over the face, with a diamond or pearl comb in front.

Head Dreſſes.

A bonnet of pink ſilk with a white lace front, a full double crown finiſhed on the top with a bow and tied under the chin with pink ribband.

A ribband and ſtraw hat, the ribband in diamonds, and the ſtraw in beads, turned up in front and ornamented with a flower.

A turban of white ſatin and crape ornamented with a plume of white oſtrich feathers.

A hat of white ſatin trimmed all over with beads, with two oſtrich feathers.

A hat of yellow ſilk covered with black lace, a yellow oſtrich feather in front.

A cap of pink ſilk, and net tied under the chin with pink ribband, and covering the left ſide of the face.

A morning bonnet of ſtraw or chip.

A cap of white lace, with a bunch of roſes in front.

A ſtraw hat with a double front, turned up before and ornamented with a flower.

General Obſervations.

The prevailing colours are blue, lilac, roſe, and pea-green. A handkerchief has been introduced called the nun's handkerchief (*fichu religieuſe*) made of embroidered muſlin, with open work in front; tied round the neck, and trimmed with net. The ſhawl *pēliſſe*, deſcribed in our laſt, is much worn in dreſſes. Luſtre ſtraws, either all luſtre, or mixed with chip or Leghorn, chiefly of the ſmall Obi ſhade, are among the ſpring novelties. The other hats, the moſt general, are the ſimple gypſey, called the merry gypſey, of plain white chip, trimmed with puffings of white or blue ribband, and tied under the chin; alſo the converſation hat, covering one ear, made of ſarcenet or muſlin of various colours, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

BY VOLTAIRE.

HONOUR is the inſtinct of Virtue, and the ſource of her courage.

Pride performs as many ignoble offices as rapacity.

The victim of misfortune is conſoled, if he believes himſelf celebrated.

Good company is a diſperſed republic, ſome of whoſe members one occaſionally meets with.

The imagination proceeds in a gallop, the judgment in a walking pace.

There is no miſer alive who has not formed the intention of living expenſively at ſome future time: death comes, and conſigns the execution of his project to his heir.

It is ſaid of beggars that they are never out of their road, becauſe they have no fixed abode. It is the very ſame with perſons who diſpute without being poſſeſſed of determinate notions.

Converſation is the communication of our foibles.

A dull man is the torpedo of ſociety, and a man of imagination a contagious flame.

Miſers reſemble mines of gold which produce neither flowers nor foliage.

Honour is the diamond that Virtue wears on her finger.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROUD DUMFERLINE, THE CASTLE ON THE WOLD;

A GOTHIC TALE.

(*Concluded from page* 270.)

FOR many nights in vain he went,
His life became a weight;
And oft he'd in his cell lament
The harshness of his fate.

Although so near him Mary is,
He knew not truly where:
The captain often swore that his
Should be the maiden fair.

One stormy eve these robbers bold
Some travellers waylay:
Their force was equal—when, behold!
The robbers' troop gave way.

They fled in fear across the dell,
And Allwin now descried
A proper time to quit them well,
As o'er the vale they hied.

Full soon a thicket's gloom he gain'd,
And, shelter'd there, kept still
Till all were past,—then soon regain'd
The cottage on the hill;

Where dwelt his aged parents dear,
Now worn with grief and dread;
For Allwin oft they dropt a tear,
They mourn'd, and thought him dead.

Loud blew the blast, the rain hard beat,
No light the casements held;
He knock'd, and soon, with transport sweet,
His time-worn sire beheld.

His presence now their hearts reviv'd,
His story 's quickly told;
And soon as early morn arriv'd,
He from the cottage stroll'd.

To gain assistance was his aim;
A little village near
Afforded what he wish'd to claim—
Some men who knew not fear.

A chosen band, by Allwin led,
March'd off without delay;
They swore to fight till all were dead,
Or conquerors come away.

The castle soon appear'd in sight,
And, as they nearer drew,
Each heart beat high to win the fight,
And extirpate this crew.

Full soon they reach'd the castle-wall;
They silent pac'd along;
They pass'd the entrance, pass'd the hall,
In conscious virtue strong.

They heard at length the noisy horde;
A feast they seem'd to hold;
In bumpers large the health they roar'd
Of Sigismund the Bold.

The cause brave Allwin knew too well!
His Mary's heav'nly charms
This day were doom'd to quit their cell,
For Sigismund's curs'd arms.

To celebrate the union vile,
He gave this pamper'd treat;
And now he went, with ghastly smile,
The heav'n-born maid to meet.

The drunken gang tumultuous came,
With Sigismund along;
To Mary's cell their way they frame—
A roaring, reeling throng.

But ere they reach'd poor Mary's cell,
The darksome passage wound,
Where Allwin's party, hidden well,
Were list'ning all around.

Attentive now, brave Allwin's men
Awaited his command;
He gave the word, and eager, then,
They charg'd the robbers' band.

The battle rag'd! each nervous blow
Pass'd quick from side to side:
But soon the bandit' chief's laid low;
By Allwin's hand he died!

In oaths his latest breath he spent;
Curs'd all he most desir'd;
Curs'd heav'n and earth, with brow stern bent;
Then, with a groan, expir'd!

The robbers now, their chieftain's dead,
Explor'd their gloomy way;
Through subterraneous vaults they fled,
In terror and dismay.

Pursu'd by Allwin's heroes brave,
Full many met their fate;
The rest kneel down, and mercy crave,
Though mercy was their hate.

Meantime young Allwin pac'd around,
In ſearch of Mary dear;
When ſoon her priſon-door he found,
And burſt it ope' in fear.

Expecting Sigiſmund accurs'd,
Her thoughts on Allwin bent,
His wretched Mary fear'd the worſt,
With ſorrow almoſt ſpent.

A bed of ſtraw alone ſhe had,
Where ſtretch'd in dread ſhe lay;
Her boſom heav'd, her heart was ſad,
Her face was turn'd away.

A glimpſe he caught—with tranſport fix'd,
His heart with joy beat high;
With anguiſh keen it ſtill was mix'd,
As thus he ſaw her lie.

When Mary heard the door uncloſe,
In piteous tone ſhe cried—
'Oh! take me, Heav'n, to thy repoſe,
Ere I ſhould be his bride!'

Young Allwin heard; his heart reviv'd;
He ſprang acroſs the cell:
At Mary's feet he knelt, depriv'd
Of utterance to tell

The joyful tidings he had brought
To Mary and her friends;
But ſoon to ſpeech he gave each thought,
And now his ſilence ends.

'Dear Mary!' he exclaim'd, 'behold
Your Allwin at your feet:
No more ſhall Sigiſmund the Bold
Invade your lone retreat:

'For, cradled in the arms of death,
His paſſions are at reſt;
And, though he curs'd with his laſt breath,
Oh, may he join the bleſt!'

Fond Mary turn'd—on Allwin gaz'd—
Then fainted in his arms:
She ſoon reviv'd, yet, ſtill amaz'd,
Her heart beat love's alarms.

Aſſur'd of ſafety by her love,
More eaſy now ſhe grew:
He told her how each party ſtrove:—
'They ſtrove, my love, for you!

'But faith and virtuous valour prov'd
Too ſtrong for this vile clan;
Our cauſe was juſt—kind Heav'n approv'd,
And favour'd our weak plan.'

While thus he fondly told each thought,
His men came victors there,
And Mary's parents with them brought,—
A weaken'd, woe-worn pair.

To paint the ſcene which follow'd here,
Too weak the poet's pen:
A ſcene to feeling ever dear!—
To good and virtuous men!

Their raptures o'er, now Reaſon bleſt,
Exerted her mild ſway;
And Allwin, by each parent preſs'd,
Ne'er knew a happier day.

Towards his father's houſe he led
The joyous, happy train;
For Mary's ſire nor houſe nor bed
Could boaſt upon the plain.

By fire his houſe and goods deſtroy'd,—
'Twas hard to be endur'd:
His lands remain'd; and, overjoy'd,
He found his herds ſecur'd.

Now each one gain'd a night's repoſe,
Quite free from dire alarms;
And Sol ſtill found them when he roſe,
Faſt lock'd in Sleep's ſoft arms.

Refreſh'd and happy they awoke,
To them all Nature ſmil'd;
They met—of dangers paſt they ſpoke;
And thus their time beguil'd.

Their kind deliverer they bleſs'd;
Their hatred was remov'd;
And, by their own conſent, he preſs'd
The maiden whom he lov'd.

They now confeſs'd that wealth was vain;
That pride was vainer ſtill;
That riches could not joy obtain,
Without their Maker's will.

By Allwin urg'd to name the day,
And make his joy complete,
A month was doom'd to paſs away
In preparation ſweet.

Meanwhile the captive robbers met
A juſt, but wretched, fate:
Kind Pity's eyes with tears were wet;
She mourn'd their hapleſs ſtate!

Hours, days, and weeks, crept ſlowly on;
A ling'ring month it ſeem'd;
And Allwin hail'd the happy morn,
As glorioully it beam'd.

A rev'rend father join'd their hands;
The marriage vow was made;
And, bound in Hymen's ſilken bands,
Their toils were all repaid.

Their wedded life in pleaſure fled;
Nor want nor woe they knew;
A cherub off-ſpring bleſs'd their bed;
In peace each moment flew.

April 2, 1803. J. M. L.

SONNETS.

I. THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

THE farm-houſe left, from upland hills and dells
The ruſtic troop crowd through the church-yard lane;
With lively chime reſound the buſy bells,
As wind their footſteps to the ivy'd fane.
Dreſs'd in their Sunday ſhoes, their milk-white frock,
The liſping younkers trudge with ſhining face;
The curate, watchful ſhepherd of his flock,
Smiles on his charge with unaffected grace.
His partner, doctreſs of the peaſant train,
Her off-ſpring by, ſhowers bleſſings as ſhe goes;
Their little hands huge books of prayer ſuſtain,
Their cheeks more ruddy than the damaſk roſe!
Bleſt emblems of the golden age!—how few
Scenes of tranquillity, like yours, purſue.

May 13. E. S.

II.

THE noiſy din of day was o'er,
Sol ſank beneath the weſt;
I ſtroll'd along the Medway's ſhore;
All Nature was at reſt.

The peaceful eve ſucceeded day,
No zephyr curl'd the tide;
The fainteſt, feebleſt, twilight ray,
Was now my only guide.

'This ſcene,' I cried, 'might ſoothe the mind
Of miſery and grief;
Pale ſorrow here a balm would find,
The tortur'd ſoul relief.
'Twould lull the care-worn form to reſt,
Make woe forgot, and anguiſh bleſs'd.'

J. M. L.

THE WAR-WORN SAILOR.

BEHOLD! with many a ſcar, in peace,
The war-worn ſailor come,
Truſting to find, in health and eaſe,
His wedded love at home.

His children dear he hopes again
To claſp to his warm breaſt:
Alas! his hopes are all in vain;
They're number'd with the bleſt!

He came, and found his offspring dead,
His wife of ſenſe beguil'd;
A fever's fire, in all its dread,
Left her a maniac wild.

She knew her Henry! knew her mate!
She ſunk down by his ſide!
Her ſenſe return'd—Alas, too late!
She ſhriek'd, ſhe wept, and died!

April 2, 1803. J. M. L.

THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER.

'GODDESS of love!' a virgin cried,
'Oh, grant my ardent pray'r!
Grant I may ſoon become a bride,
A huſband's love to ſhare!

'If marriages in heaven are made
(And moſt believe they are),
May mine be free from ſorrow's ſhade,
From anger, and from care!

'May he with whom I join for life
With temper mild be bleſt!
May ſad affliction, friend to ſtrife,
E'er fly our home to reſt!

'May brawling diſcord's bitter fate
Ne'er wound our peaceful lives!
I hope to be, with ſuch a mate,
The happieſt of wives!'

May 2, 1803. J. M. L.

LINES,

Addreſſed to a young Gentleman.

IF you wiſh for a pleaſant companion through life,
One deſerving your fondneſs and care,
I can point out a maid that would make ſuch a wife,
And her dwelling's near Finſbury-ſquare.

Then now is the time, while ſhe's ſingle and free,
To ſolicit her hand, and be bleſt;
For her fortune's immenſe, as it always muſt be
Where virtue's enthron'd in the breaſt.

As to riches, they're baubles, and muſt not compare
With the beauties of perſon and mind;
And the man who for wealth only values the fair,
I pronounce a diſgrace to mankind.

D. W.

EMMA.

THE dimpled smile on Emma's cheek
 Soft lustre spreads around;
Her dark-blue eyes have learnt to speak,
 And every word 's a wound.

Her auburn locks in ringlets flow,
 On her white bosom rest;
O'ershade a face unknown to woe,
 In matchless beauty dress'd.

Emma, benevolent and kind,
 In native humour gay,
Of beauteous form and generous mind,
 Come,—smile our cares away.

Kingsland, June 6, 1803. J. M.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

FAIR Emma dwelt in yonder cot,
 Far shelter'd in yon woodland glade;
Content and virtue were the lot
 Of Emma fair, the cottage maid.

An aged parent's care to soothe,
 She lent a widow'd mother aid;
Repaid by duty, love, and truth,
 Her mother—once the cottage maid.

A rill, low murm'ring by the cot,
 Meander'd through the woodland's shade,
As proud to deck the pretty spot
 Where Emma liv'd, the cottage maid.

A foe to virtue in distress,
 (Whose villain smiles may sorrow fade!)
His tale of love would often press
 On Emma fair, the cottage maid.

The tale she heard, as truth believ'd;
 With virtuous love it was repaid:
His flow'ry words and vows deceiv'd
 An artless girl,—the cottage maid.

No more the sprightly dance is seen,—
 'Tis pity's tear bedews the glade:
A villain's art o'ershades the scene,
 And robs of peace the cottage maid.

Kingsland, June 6, 1803. J. M.

ON HEARING MARRIAGE RIDICULED BY A LIBERTINE.

MARRIAGE, thou state by gracious Heaven design'd,
Supreme of earthly bliss to human kind!
From God's own lips the benediction flow'd
On thy first rites, and the first pair bestow'd.
In later times, behold the nuptial feast
By Jesus' presence dignified and grac'd.
The obedient water own'd his power divine,
And at command blush'd into gen'rous wine.
High-honour'd union! anathemas wait
On the rash man that mars thy happy state!

AUTOLICUS.

Mile-End, June 13, 1803.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1803.

BY H. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

BRITAIN, alas! has woo'd in vain,
 Reluctant Peace! thy placid charms:
Compell'd, she treads once more th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Where Fame, where Freedom, call'd aloud for arms.
Yet be awhile the battle's sound
In notes of festive triumph drown'd:
Whether the fiends of Discord fly
Portentous through the fiery sky,
Or, bound in Fate's coercive chain,
Howl 'mid th' infernal seats in vain,
On this auspicious day the Muse,
Jocund, with grateful voice, her wonted theme pursues.

Amid the boast of tyrant Pride,
 The pomp of state, the arm'd array,
Can all the shouts of Slavery hide,
 That slaves unwilling homage pay?
No force can shield Ambition's head
From noon-tide care, from midnight dread,
When the still monitor within
Searches th' abode of blood and sin;
While he who rules with virtuous sway,
Whom freemen glory to obey,
Sees every breast the bulwark of a throne,
His people's surest guard—its sacred rights their own.

Then let the Muse, with duteous hand,
 Strike the bold lyre's responsive strings,
While every tongue through Albion's land
 Joins in the hymn of praise she sings;
And Labour, from the furrowed plain,
And Commerce, from the billowy main,
With voice symphonious, bid arise
That purest incense to the skies,
Above the proudest wreath of Fame,
Which ever grac'd the victor's name,
A nation's votive breath by truth consign'd
To bless a patriot king—the friend of human kind!

SEDUCTION'S TRIUMPH:
OR,
PHŒBE'S DESTINY.

SAD Phœbe mourns her haplefs fate,
To peace and virtue loft;
Her youth was pafs'd in blifsful ftate,
By difcord never crofs'd.

Perfuafion grac'd Orlando's tongue;
For Phœbe's heart he fued;
On all he fpake fhe fondly hung,
With tendernefs endued.

But, mark the villain's artful plot!
A moment weak he feiz'd;
Her virtue gone, he fled the fpot,
With his fuccefs well pleas'd.

Bereft of friends, poor Phœbe grieves.
Ye affluent and humane,
Her ev'ry hope to you fhe leaves;
Pity her grief and pain.

May 2, 1803. J. M. L.

ANSWER
TO THE VALENTINE EPISTLE,
In the Magazine for April.

DEAR YOUTH,

WHY afk me to beftow
A gift which long has been your own —
A fimple heart, with nought to boaft
But conftancy to you alone?
A heart that once was gay and free
Till taken captive, love, by thee.

Three fummer funs this earth has feen
Since, my dear James, thy worth I knew;
Tho' cheering Hope long fince has fled,
They've found me conftant ftill to you:
Nor time nor chance a change fhall fee
In that poor heart that's fix'd on thee.

Gay Mirth, with all its fmiling train,
Invites me to her willing arms;
But what, alas! is Mirth to me,
Or Pleafure's fafcinating charms?
No Mirth or Pleafure can I fee,—
Depriv'd of all I love, in thee.

By ficknefs and by grief oppres'd,
I thought of thee, my heart to cheer;
Religion pointed to the fkies,
And bade me hope to fee thee there.
Conftant to death will Harriet be,
And, dying, breathe a pray'r for thee.

STATE OF EUROPE IN 1803.

TWO nations at prefent all Europe command;
One governs the fea, and the other the land:—
This fpreads its domain from the north to the fouth,
And lives, like a thief, from the hand to the mouth;
While the other, like bees, with a well-hoarded ftore,
To the eaft and weft ranges, to gather ftill more.
In France moft are beggars, marauders, or robbers;
In England — directors, contractors, ftock-jobbers.
Thefe nations, once great, in their pride and their glory,
Now talk of their greatnefs, but tell a new ftory;
One 's anxious for plunder, but fears to get knocks;
T'other fears to make war—for fear of the ftocks:
No matter if thoufands are fent to their graves,
Where a conful commands a whole nation of flaves;
But in England the value of lives is computed
By annuities granted, transferr'd, or commuted;
Our glory and pride with the ftocks rife and fall,
'Tis *omnium* determines the fate of us all:
Then how vain about glory all pother or fufs,
Since *confuls* govern them, and *confols* govern us!

THE KISS AND THE BLUSH.

MY gentle Grace, I did but feek,
From off that delicate fair cheek,
To fteal a kifs: and lo! your face
All o'er with fhame and anger glows!
What have I done, my gentle Grace,
But turn'd a lily to a rofe?
And well you know, we all declare
That face too delicately fair.

Your cheeks—your forehead too—were flufh'd!
Your neck, and e'en your bofom, blufh'd!
And fhame may claim the larger part
In that fair neck, and all above;
But the blufh fo near the heart,
O let it be a blufh of love!
Pygmalion thus lit up with life,
The ftatue that became his wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Cadiz, May 27.

A SHIP that put in at Gibraltar brings information that the greateſt alarm exiſted at that place, in regard to the diſeaſes which were making great havock on board the Engliſh ſquadron in the Mediterranean, and of which the infection was dreaded.

Hamburgh, May 29. A levy of all males from the age of 16 to the age of 50 has been ordered in Hanover, but has been attended with ſcarce any effect. Whole villages refuſe to ſubmit to it, while others take refuge in the territories of Denmark or Hamburgh; and it is computed that within the laſt four days 600 Hanoverians had arrived at Hamburgh or Altona.

The duke of Cambridge, who directs theſe preparations, wiſhing, under the exiſting circumſtances, that the oath of fidelity to his father ſhould be taken, found but five perſons in the city of Zell who had taken that oath, and theſe were even in the ſervice of government.

I learn from good authority that five Frenchmen have been arreſted: three at Hanover, and two at Zell.

The greateſt fermentation beſides prevails in the electorate of Hanover; archives, jewels, plate, all are packed up, and ready to be removed. The regency of Hanover had wiſhed to diſpatch its archives by Hildeſheim, but the count de Schullembourg objected to receiving them.

It is certain that the orders of the regency with reſpect to the enrolment and the oath meet with much oppoſition, particularly in the cities. It has been ſo violent in the city of Luneburg, that the magiſtrates have been obliged to ſhut the gates of the city. Reports are alſo in circulation reſpecting the diſturbances that have taken place at Hanover from the ſame cauſe.

Hanover, May 31. The day before yeſterday, in the afternoon, the commercial counſellor Brandes, lieutenant-colonel Boch, and M. Von Bremer, ſet out on a miſſion of importance, ſuppoſed to be the French head-quarters, to conclude ſuch a conventional arrangement as may preſerve this country from the miſchiefs which muſt enſue from a French invaſion.

Bremen, May 31. The French troops, 6000 ſtrong, have entered Quackenbruck, and thence marched for the neighbouring county of Diepholz. The Hanoverian diſtrict of Wildeſhauſen, which, by the plan of indemnities, has been aſſigned to the duke of Oldenburgh, has been pointed out by boundary marks ſet up along the frontier. We ſhall ſee whether the French will take their route through Wildeſhauſen.

Boundary poles have likewiſe been ſet up along the frontiers of the territory of Bremen, with the word '*neutrality*' on them.

The ſtricteſt diſcipline is maintained among the French troops, who conduct themſelves with the utmoſt decorum and good order.

Berlin, May 31. It is underſtood that our ſovereign remains firm in his reſolution not to intermeddle in the diſpute between England and France. Should a Ruſſian ſquadron appear in the Baltic, it will only be to perform ſome cuſtomary evolutions and marine manœuvres.

We hear nothing more of a cordon under general Blucher.

Bremen, June 1. Yeſterday evening about 8000 French arrived in the vicinity of Vechte, on the frontiers of Diepholz: of theſe 300, which compoſe the advanced guard, inſtead of paſſing through Wildeſhauſen, have marched by Goldenſtedt to Diepholz and Hoya.

2. The accounts received here are no longer of ſo gloomy a nature as they

were. The French troops, indeed, to the number of 8000, are at Diepholz, Vechte, and Cloppenburg, where they, no doubt, wait for reinforcements before they proceed further on their march. We entertain great hopes, however, that an accommodation will be effected by the deputation that has been fent from Hanover to general Mortier.

The French advanced troops have fallen in with fome fmall Hanoverian detachments, but no hoftilities have taken place. The principal force of the Hanoverians is at Nienberg.

The Hanoverian deputation which has been fent to general Mortier, in the vicinity of Vechte, has a French efcort with it.

The French troops, according to the laft accounts, have advanced through Diepholz to the county of Hoya; they are already at Suhlinger heath.

Our town has received an affurance that it fhall fuffer no injury by the march of the French troops. It is intended that two regiments fhall march through the territory; though this, if poffible, will be avoided.

The French, it is faid, will pafs the Wefer at Hoya.

A French corps is at Eperer, near Diepholz, and the French troops are only eleven and a half German miles from Hanover. They have not yet directed their march towards the territory of Bremen; and the report that a ftrong corps was advancing through the territory of Bremen to Cuxhaven, and had paffed the Wefer at Bremerlehe, is entirely without foundation.

The Hanoverian deputies have arrived at the French head-quarters. What is faid of the conditions propofed is mere report. In the mean time the French appear to ftand ftill, and even, for the fake of more conveniently diftributing themfelves, fomewhat to retreat; an advanced part of them is, however, cantoned in Harpfted.

Leghorn, June 1. Our city has been declared in a ftate of fiege, by order of general Murat. All the Englifh who refide here are on their parole as prifoners of war. Two fhips of the fame nation, with their rich cargoes, have already fallen into the hands of the French. One of them was in the road, ready to depart; and the other, not being informed of the war, was taken by a French privateer.

Banks of the Maine, June 8. We learn from Ratifbon that there has been received, at the dictatura of the diet, a communication from the Hanoverian minifters, prefented by the fecretary of the legation of Brunfwick Lunenburgh, who provifionally difcharge here the functions of minifter from that court. The communication contains a declaration of the Hanoverian government to this purport: 'that the king of England, in quality of elector of Brunfwick Lunenburgh, had propofed to confine himfelf within the bounds of the ftricteft neutrality in the war between Great-Britain and France, in the fame manner as he did from the year 1795, till the conclufion of the treaty of peace at Luneville; that the treaty there concluded between France on the one part, and the emperor and empire on the other, provided that no French army fhould in future enter the territories of Germany; and that it was confequently expected that the Hanoverian ftates would not be fubjected to any part of the burthen of this war, &c. The other minifters have taken this declaration *ad referendum.* And it appears, from the known difpofition of moft of them, that the above communication will produce no particular confequence, and will only be inferted *apud acta.*

In fact, the minifters of Pruffia, Auftria, Bavaria, Wurtemburgh, the archchancellor, &c. have already fpoken out pretty plainly in regard to this affair, in their private converfations, and at particular meetings among themfelves. They regard the conteft between France and the Hanoverian government, as well as the eventual occupation of the king of England's dominions in Germany, as matters in which the interefts of the German empire can have no concern, if the French do not pafs the frontiers of the electorate of Hanover. Befides, the intention of the French government not being to raife any pretenfions to the final fovereignty of that country, but to occupy it till the re-

ftoration of peace with England, it is impoffible to fee how the emperor and empire can have any right of interpofition in the affair.

Hague, June 8. A courier arrived at nine this morning from the army of lieut.-gen. Mortier, with difpatches for the Bureau of the poft of the army, which were immediately forwarded to Paris. It is known that Hanover and Ofnaburgh have capitulated.

It has alfo been announced by letters to the principal director of the poft, that a column of French troops has been fent againft Hamburgh, and that it has taken poffeffion of that city—fo at leaft it is fuppofed.

The Dutch fifhing-fmacks, taken by the Britifh veffels, have been releafed; and our government has been informed, that the fifhery will not be molefted by the Englifh cruifers.

Bruffels, June 8. We are informed from Rotterdam, that the Englifh fquadron under the command of vice-admiral Thornborough, now cruifing at the mouth of the Meufe, and within fight of the coaft of Holland, has been augmented by the recent arrival of a feventy-four-gun fhip of the line and two frigates. The Englifh have a confiderable naval force at the mouth of the Texel and in the North Sea. No hoftile attempt is, however, dreaded, as the coafts have been every where put in a good ftate of defence; and the intrenched camp on the north point of Holland, between the Helder and Callantfoog, is, from time to time, enlarged by the arrival of new bodies of Batavian troops.

According to this intelligence, the Batavian government, which will take an active part in the war againft England, is going to equip and arm a numerous fquadron, which, if neceffary, will take part in an expedition againft the coafts of Britain. It is faid, that a naval divifion will be formed in the ports of Zealand.

General Rapp, aide-de-camp to the firft conful, who, on Saturday laft, paffed through this city on his way to Holland and to the head-quarters of the army under general Mortier, has already difpatched from Nimeguen a courier to government. That courier paffed through this city yefterday, and proceeded with the greateft expedition for Paris. Several couriers from Paris have, within thefe few days, paffed through Bruffels, on their way to Holland, to the French head-quarters, and into Germany, with difpatches, which, in the prefent fituation of affairs, cannot but be of the greateft importance.

9. Letters from the Hague mention, that Mr. Lifton, the Britifh ambaffador, having obtained his paffports, was yefterday to leave that place for Helvoetfluys, there to embark for England. Letters of recal have been, likewife, difpatched to M. Schimmelpenninck, the Batavian ambaffador at London. His immediate return is expected. This fact puts an end to every doubt that might have been entertained in regard to the participation of the Batavian republic in the prefent war. The government of that republic is now concerting with that of France the moft fuitable means for profecuting the war with vigour. The fame letters affure us, that the commiffion which was fent to Paris, to fubmit to the French government certain propofitions for the neutrality of Holland, will be recalled, as that meafure is no longer judged to be neceffary. The works in the dock-yard, and other naval preparations, are about to be pufhed forward with great activity in the ports of Holland. Several fhips of the line, frigates, and other veffels of war, will very foon be put in a condition for fervice.

General of brigade Monnet, who has the command at Flufhing and in the ifle of Walcheren, has put the coafts in a good ftate of defence, and has alfo provided for the fecurity of the road of Flufhing.

The following is the circular letter iffued by the Britifh vice-conful, at Hamburgh, on the 2d.:—

'Gentlemen, you are required to leave the port with your fhips, and to make fail in an hour, in order that you may take advantage of the tide to Cuxhaven.

'E. Nicholas.'

HOME NEWS.

London, June 4.

YESTERDAY morning, at half paſt one o'clock, the Three Cranes public houſe, in Mile-End-road, was diſcovered to be on fire, which burned ſo furiouſly that in two hours the houſe was burned to the ground before they could procure any engine, get water, or gain admittance to the houſe to ſave any property, or the lives of the unfortunate family, who fell a ſacrifice to the flames. By four o'clock in the afternoon ſix of the bodies of the unfortunate ſufferers were dug out of the ruins, which, although ſhockingly burnt and mangled, are known to be the bodies of Mr. Williams, the maſter of the houſe, his wife, her mother, and three children. This unhappy fire is ſuppoſed to have been occaſioned by a rope-match being left burning when they went to bed. It being Bow fair, they had company in the houſe till a late hour, and the men were lighting their pipes with this match.

Dover, June 10. Laſt night, about twelve, the Auckland packet, captain Hammond, arrived here from Calais as a flag of truce, and brought a courier with diſpatches to count Staremberg and count Woronzow. The French are ſaid to be building flat-bottomed boats and gun-boats on a new conſtruction. An order has been received at Calais to march all the Engliſh there up to Valenciennes. The Engliſh packets, Sutton and Lattimere, are ſtill detained. The French row-boat privateers begin to come over on our ſhore as ſoon as night comes on. They have not made any capture of note.

Dublin, June 14. The La Bonne Marie, from Port-au-Prince to Bourdeaux, captured on the 7th ult. by his majeſty's ſhip Caroline, captain Page, in lat. 46. 30. N. long. 9. 30. W. Captain Page, ſent Meſſrs. Stut and Curran, midſhipmen, and ſix men on board her, to carry her to port. When off the Old Head of Kinſale, blowing a gale of wind and ſqually, the men were aloft taking in ſail; when the Frenchmen, being ſeven in number, ruſhed on deck, ſeized Mr. Stut's ſword, confined him in the cabin, and had poſſeſſion of the ſhip in about an hour. When the Engliſhmen came on deck, Meſſrs. Stut and Curran ruſhed out of the cabin, knocked the man at the helm down, and fought man to man for ſome time on deck. At length, a pilot hooker hove in ſight, when the Frenchmen deſiſted and were immediately ſecured. Mr. Stut, the midſhipman, is hurt above his eye, from a ſtroke of a ſword, but no way dangerouſly. We are happy in being able to claim one of the above young gentlemen (Mr. Curran) as a native of our own country. We underſtand he is a ſon of the celebrated barriſter of that name.

Plymouth, June 14. Catwater, the eaſtern arm of Plymouth harbour, is now quite a wood of prizes and detained Batavians; there is juſt room enough left for a paſſage way. The number of French prizes and Batavian ſhips ſent into this port in three weeks, by the activity of our cruiſers, is aſtoniſhing, and amounted yeſterday to 105 ſail of all deſcriptions. The computed value of veſſels and cargoes cannot be leſs than a million and a half ſterling, as many of the Batavian cargoes coſt in Batavia from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* each, as per manifeſt, beſides private ventures; a circumſtance unparalleled in this or any former war; for, beſides the loſs of private veſſels, a conſiderable defalcation in the revenues of France and Holland will be ſuſtained by the nonpayment of the duties on importation. One circumſtance on board one of the Batavian Eaſt-Indiaman detained and ſent in, is particularly diſtreſſing: Two Dutch young ladies, whoſe parents had

died at Batavia, were coming to Europe with their whole property and fortune invested in merchandise, to a considerable amount, and being profound peace, of course not insured. The chance of war, and perfidy of their country, sent by our cruisers the ship into this port, and of course their investments will be, if condemned, prize to the lucky captors.

15. The skulking French row-boats, from St. Maloes, Havre, Cherbourg, &c. make sure work of taking prizes on the coast of Devon, &c. They are equipped as fishing boats, sail from their own ports in the dusk of the evening, and get close in with our coasts a little before day-break, where they lay to as if fishing, showing perhaps only two or three men, the rest concealed: if a vessel, who runs it without convoy, happens to near the land, the row-boats make sail, board her, and have, in the late war, carried off, unmolested, several coasters worth 10,000l., and have not been absent, at this season of the year, above twenty-four hours from their own ports.

Dover, June 16. Last night, at seven o'clock, the French schooner l'Unbordable gun-boat arrived here, being one of those vessels mentioned to be taken in my last, by the Jalouse and Cruiser gun-brigs, with a frigate in company, name unknown. They were bound from Dunkirk to Calais, where Bonaparte is expected in a few days, to examine the craft and troops destined for the invasion of England: this schooner is a very long, low-built, vessel, and mounts two twenty-four pounders forward, and one at the stern, on slides, with two twelve-pounders, midships: the stern-gun is a beautiful brass piece, ornamented with trophies of war, and two dolphins in the middle, to hoist it by, with the words '*le curature*' near the muzzle; and the motto, '*nec pluribus impar*' near the breech. It is one of the pieces they stole from Flushing at the beginning of the revolution. This vessel, with the brig taken in company, were both run on shore, and most of the men escaped out of them, but were put into gaol as soon as they landed.

Arrived at five, a. m. a Russian courier with dispatches; and sailed this day the Auckland, with Mr. Shaw, king's messenger, with dispatches to Paris. Upwards of twenty passengers sailed in the above vessel.

London, June 16. Mr. Shaw, the messenger, left town last night, with dispatches for Paris. A cabinet council was to be held at Windsor this morning. Lord Pelham set out for Windsor between eight and nine o'clock. It is supposed the council was held for the purpose of declaring war against Holland.

M. Schimmelpenninck, the Dutch ambassador, left town this morning.

17. Yesterday, a deputation of the lottery-office keepers waited, by appointment, on the chancellor of the exchequer. The proposed lottery is to consist of 80,000 tickets (with liberty to the purchasers to convert that number into 90,000), to be drawn at three separate periods, viz. in September, January, and April, next. Ten days drawing in each of these periods.

Lord Hawkesbury brought the following message from his majesty to the house of commons.

'*G. R.*

'His majesty thinks it right to inform the house of commons, that from an anxious desire to prevent the calamities of war being extended to the Batavian republic, he communicated to that government his disposition to respect their neutrality, provided that a similar disposition was manifested on the part of the French government, and that the French forces were forthwith withdrawn from the territories of the Batavian republic. This proposition not having been admitted by the government of France, and measures having been recently taken by them, in direct violation of the independence of the Batavian republic, his majesty judged it expedient to direct his minister to leave the Hague; and he has since given orders, that letters of marque and general reprisals should be issued against the Batavian republic and its subjects.

'His majesty has at all times manifested the deepest and most lively interest for the prosperity and independence of the

United Provinces. He has recourse to these proceedings with the most sincere regret, but the conduct of the French government has left him no alternative; and in adopting these measures he is actuated by a sense of what is due to his own dignity, and to the security and essential interests of his dominions.

G. R.'

18. A most daring attempt to commit a street robbery took place, on Thursday night, in Lower Brook-street. As a gentleman was returning home from the theatre, about eleven o'clock, in his carriage, a man on horseback rode up to the coachman, and presented a pistol to his head, swearing he would blow his brains out if he did not immediately stop his horses. There being no alternative, the coachman complied, on which the ruffian went to the door of the carriage, which he opened, and demanded the gentleman's watch and money; on which the latter, instead of surrendering, jumped out of the opposite door and gave the alarm. The robber, finding himself in danger of being apprehended, put spurs to his horse and gallopped off; but, being closely pursued, he quitted his steed, in Grosvenor-Mews, and escaped.

Yesterday evening an inquisition was held at the Alfred's Head, near the Elephant and Castle, Newington, on the body of Thomas Minchin, a lad of seventeen years of age, who lost his life on Thursday afternoon last, by sir Thomas Turton's carriage running over him. Several witnesses were called to prove the fact, who agreed that he was thrown down in an attempt to draw the carriage of sir Thomas Turton. A verdict of accidental death was given as to the deceased, and a forfeiture of 40*s.* as a deodand for the wheels of the carriage.

Thursday night, one of the Hampstead stage coaches, passing near Red-Lion hill, was stopped by a single highwayman, who took from the person of an elderly lady about 10*l.* and a gold watch, with which he gallopped off towards town: although he was immediately pursued, the villain got clear off.

Dover, June 19. The private secretary of general Andreossi was sent down yesterday to Dover, under the care of Mr. Walsh, the messenger, and sent out of the country in the Express packet, captain Dell, who sailed for Calais about 2 p. m. with the foreign mail and near twenty passengers. This day, about 11 a. m. a French messenger arrived from Calais in an open boat, with dispatches for lord Hawkesbury: he set off immediately in a chaise and four for London, under care of a person charged to conduct him to the secretary of state. No news has transpired, and many conjectures are on foot respecting the object of his dispatches: some say it is respecting Hanover. Sailed the Drake privateer, captain King, on a cruise to the Westward. We are now full of troops, having no less than three regiments of infantry and four troops of cavalry.

Half past six, p. m. News is just received here by a boat, that a sharp action has been fought between Boulogne and Calais, between a French brig and a schooner and the two sloops of war on this station; the French brig and schooner are both taken: the sailors on our heights can see them standing for England. Should they come into our roads, will send further particulars in my next. All the English at Calais are marched to Valenciennes.

Plymouth, June 19. Orders are come down to liberate the masters, mates, and crews of the detained Batavian ships, and to let them take a change of linen and clothes; they are free to go home when they please. The seamen mostly enter on board men of war, or privateers. The hatches of the Batavian ships are sealed down, and papers sealed up till their fate is ascertained.

Hull, June 20. Thirty-two vessels from Hamburgh, under convoy of the Melpomene frigate, including fourteen outward-bound ships from London, which, after reaching the Elbe, considered it not prudent to proceed farther on their voyage, arrived off the Humber on Wednesday last.

BIRTHS.

May 21. At his houſe, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of John Peter Grant, eſq. of a daughter.

22. Mrs. Belville, of Groſvenor-place, of three very fine boys; and they, with the mother, are all likely to do well.

June 6. Mrs. John Schneider, of Finſbury-ſquare, of a ſon.

8. In Lower Brook-ſtreet, lady Henry Stuart, of a ſon and heir.

10. In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Holland, eſq. of a ſon.

11. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of G. B. Tyndall, eſq. of a daughter.

12. At Troſton-hall, Suffolk, the lady of Capel Lofft, eſq. of a daughter.

13. At her houſe, in Tilney-ſtreet, the right hon. lady M. Myers, of a ſon.

At her houſe, in Guildford-ſtreet, the lady of J. Mackintoſh, eſq. of a daughter.

14. In Upper Guildford-ſtreet, Ruſſel-ſquare, the lady of Michael Furlonge, eſq. of a ſon.

16. In South Audley-ſtreet, the counteſs of Albemarle, of a daughter.

In Weymouth-ſtreet, the lady of G. S. Marten, eſq. of a ſon.

Mrs. H. Siddons, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 19. Horace St. Paul, jun. eſq. of Ewart-houſe, to miſs Ward, daughter of the late lord Dudley and Ward.

25. Colonel William B. Davis, of the Eaſt-India company's ſervice, to miſs Maria Blair, daughter of colonel Blair, of Stratford-place.

The rev. Mr. Bullock, to miſs Sarah Clitherow, of Boſton-houſe, Brentford. After the ceremony, the new-married pair partook of an elegant *dejeuné* at lord Gwydir's houſe in Whitehall; among the company were the counteſs of Cholmondeley, miſs Seymour, and Mrs. Baker.

31. The rev. George Stanley Faber, B. D. fellow of Lincoln-college, Oxford, to miſs Scott Waring, daughter of major Scott Waring, of Ince, Cheſhire.

June 3. Lord viſcount Glerawley, to lady Iſ. St. Lawrence, daughter to the earl of Howth.

John Cooper, eſq. of Poplar, to miſs Sarah Gibſon, of Grove-ſtreet, Hackney.

6. Captain John Covert, of Soho-ſquare, to miſs E. Woolley, of Purewell, Chriſt-church, Hants.

7. The hon. and rev. W. Capel, 4th ſon to the late earl of Eſſex, to miſs Salter, only child of T. Salter, eſq. of Rickmanſworth.

9. T. F. Egerton, eſq. of Cholderton, Wilts, to miſs Wyndham, eldeſt daughter of the late William Wyndham, eſq. of Denton, in the ſame county.

At St. George's, Bloomſbury, John Scott, eſq. to Mrs. Ernſt.

10. The rev. W. Penny, of Heckfield, to Mrs. Ford, only daughter of Solomon Fell, eſq. of Drayton-green, Middleſex.

At Brighton, Mr. Edward Bryant, ſurgeon, of Brook-ſtreet, Holborn, to miſs Jane Belchier.

11. The rev. Henry Byron, vicar of Granby, ſon of the hon. and rev. Richard Byron, of Houghton, to miſs Powditch, eldeſt daughter of Thomas Powditch, eſq. of Peckham.

T. Tilſon, eſq. of Earl-ſtreet, Blackfriars, to miſs M. M. Johnſon, daughter of the late Freelove Johnſon, eſq.

12. Matthews Beachcroft, eſq. lieutenant-colonel of the light-horſe volunteers of London and Weſtminſter, to miſs Serrard, of New Millman-ſtreet.

13. At Bradford, Yorkſhire, Jacob H. Buſk, eſq. to miſs Martha Dawſon, daughter of J. Dawſon, eſq. of Royd's-hall, in the ſame county.

At St. Luke's, Chelſea, Thomas Weſt, eſq. of Sloane-ſtreet, to miſs L. Dallas, of Upper Fitzroy-ſtreet, Fitzroy-ſquare.

15. H. C. Boiſragen, M. D. of Bath, to miſs Fanſhawe, only daughter of J. G. Fanſhawe, eſq. of Parſloes, Eſſex.

16. J. S. Hage, eſq. commiſſioner-general from his Daniſh majeſty in the iſland of Santa Cruz, to miſs Maria Ruſpini, daughter of the chevalier Ruſpini, of Pall-mall.

18. Henry Cadwallader Adams, eſq. of Anſty-hall, Warwickſhire, to miſs Curtis, eldeſt daughter of ſir W. Curtis, bart. of Culland's-grove, Southgate.

Mr. William White, to miſs Robſon, both of Fulham.

Mr. Geo. Yeeles, of Bathford, Somerſet, to miſs Sarah Baddeley, of Shetton, Staffordſhire.

21. Lieutenant-col. Peacocke, eldeſt ſon of ſir Joſeph Peacocke, bart. to miſs Morris, eldeſt daughter of John Morris, eſq. of Claremont, Glamorganſhire.

23. At Fife-houſe, by the rector of Cheynies, the duke of Bedford, to lady Georgiana Gordon.

DEATHS.

Lately, at Brompton, Middlefex, Mrs. Ann Sewell, widow, aged 79 years.

May 20. The lady of William Burroughs, efq. M. P. for the borough of Ennifkillin.

At his houfe, in Gower-ftreet, captain William Mackintofh, late of the hon. Eaft-India company's fervice.

At the houfe of Richard Parks, efq. Lamb's Conduit-place, Foundling, Herbert Gwynne Browne, efq. of Imley-park, in Northamptonfhire, aged 59.

21. At Amwell, Wm. Whittingftall, efq. of Hoddefdon, Herts.

At her houfe, at Kenfington, after a few hours' illnefs, the hon. Mrs. Lutreck, eldeft daughter of the late hon. Mr. juftice Gould, and only fifter to the countefs of Cavan.

22. Aged 70, Mrs. Tilbury, relict of the late Mr. Tho. Tilbury, of Norwich.

26. At Lydiard-Tregotoze, near Wootton-Baffet, the hon. Mr. St. John, eldeft fon of lord vifcount Bolingbroke.

29. At his houfe, in Serle-ftreet, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the infant daughter of James Buller, efq.

30. At Deptford, Kent, of a confumption, in the 47th year of his age, Mr. George Mitchell, attorney-at-law.

At his houfe, on Croom's-hill, Greenwich, William Hagen, efq.

June 3. Mr. John Holyoake, of Barbican, aged 69.

Mr. Robert Croft, of Fleet-ftreet, many years tailor to his royal highnefs the prince of Wales.

In the 43d year of his age, the right hon. and right rev. father in God, lord George Murray, D. D. and lord bifhop of St. David's, brother to the prefent duke of Athol.

4. At Forglen, Scotland, the right hon. Wm. lord Banff.

6. At Stoke-Newington, of a decline, Mrs. J. J. Wetherhead.

8. At her lodgings, at Brompton, after a lingering and painful illnefs, the beautiful mifs Courtney, fifter to Mrs. Drummond, of Boulton-row.

At his father's houfe, Robert Lea Jones, efq. commander of his majefty's Lifbon packet Prince Adolphus, ftationed at Falmouth, and 2d fon of J. Jones, efq. of Frankly, near Bradford, Wilts.

At Grantham, on the road to Scotland, Patrick Heron, efq. of Heron.

In the 23d year of her age, mifs Elizabeth Williamfon, of Rolls-buildings.

9. At his houfe, at Stamford-hill, John Simpfon, efq.

The rev. H. R. Courtney, lord bifhop of Exeter, at his houfe, in Lower Grofvenor-ftreet.

10. At Chelfea, Wm. Lyndon, efq. of Great Ryder-ftreet, St. James's.

Sherland Swanfton, efq. of Charterhoufe-fquare.

12. After a fhort illnefs, at the earl of Derby's, in Grofvenor-fquare, Mrs. Farren, mother to the countefs of Derby.

13. Mr. Charles Hurleftone, of Kentifh-town.

15. At his houfe, in Queen-fquare, London, Edward Dickinfon, efq. of Dofthill-houfe, in Warwickfhire.

At Hanger-hill, near Acton, S. Millar, efq. late of St. James's-ftreet.

At Bath, the rev. David Brymer, late fellow of Wadham-college, Oxford.

At his apartments, High-Holborn, Wm. Pearfon, efq. brother to the late Jofeph Pearfon, efq. door-keeper to the houfe of commons.

16. At Kentifh-town, mifs Hepworth, daughter of Mrs. Taylor, of Hatton-garden.

17. Mrs. Thomas Harper, of the Strand.

At Shrub's-hill, near Egham, in the 89th year of her age, Mrs. Challoner, relict of George Challoner, efq. of Staffordfhire.

18. Mrs. Pope, of Drury-lane theatre. On Friday the 10th fhe was taken fo ill on the ftage that fhe could not go through her part. She remained at home, gradually recovering; no alarm prevailing for her fafety till Saturday evening, when fhe fuddenly dropped from the fofa. A lady with her called for affiftance, and fhe was raifed up. She feemed to be fenfible, but incapable of fpeaking, and in a few minutes fhe expired. Upon examination by a furgeon, it was found her diforder was apoplectic; brought on, it is fuppofed, by exertion and anxiety in her profeffion. Some of the veins in the head had burft and occafioned her death. She was only 26.